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Chronicle

The War.—On the western front the beginning of the week was marked by a serious setback of the German offensive, the latter part by a comparative lull.

Bulletin, Apr. 29, p.m.
May 6, a.m.

On April 29, the Allies flung back the Germans with tremendous losses before Ypres in what is considered the greatest attack the enemy has made since the opening of the Flanders offensive. After several hours of intense bombardment with gas and high explosives General von Arnim, acting under the supreme command of General Ludendorff, sent his troops forward on a front of more than fifteen miles. His object was to crush in the Ypres salient from the north, east and south. From Meteren, near the western end of the German Lys salient to Zillebeke Lake just southeast of Ypres, the French and British positions were fiercely attacked, while at the same time heavy forces were thrown against the Belgian lines north of Ypres. Everywhere the Allies stood their ground. The French defending the sector between Scherpenberg and Mont Rouge, where a frightful struggle raged about the village of Locre, after giving away slightly, counter-attacked. As a result Locre, which had changed hands several times, was finally held by the French and the Germans were driven back for about a mile in the direction of Dranoutre on the very edge of the plain from which they had started their latest offensive. In a further attempt of the enemy to cross the Oise River east of Varennes he was driven back by the French with heavy losses. Not since the war began have the Germans suffered a more serious repulse than in the three days' fighting in which they tried to gain the heights beyond Mount Kemmel.

Since the middle of the week when the fury of the German attacks was spent, no action of major importance took place on the western front. The rest of the week passed in preparation for a further attack and defensive and in a few local actions. The more important of these were two advances made by the French on the front east of Amiens where the Americans are cooperating with them. The French communiqués announced that Baune Wood, near Mailly-Raineval, northwest of Montdidier was taken and the line moved forward in Hangard Wood, between the Luce and the Somme Rivers. Between the Luce and the Somme, near Thennes, the Ger-

mans attacked in force but their columns were broken up by a heavy barrage fire before they could reach the Allied trenches. Americans are stationed near all the points named. On May 4 the Allies' official reports stated that they had appreciably improved their positions on the front east and southeast of Amiens, the sectors where military observers expect the next German blow to fall. Just south of the Avre River where they had previously captured Senecat Wood, the troops of General Pétain took Hill 82 and a wood bordering the Avre between Hailles and Castel. These positions were the closest to Amiens held by the enemy and of strategic importance, Hill 82 being but three miles from the Paris-Amiens railway. North of the Luce the British and French fought a spirited engagement with the enemy a little south of Villers-Bretonneux and captured more of the high ground between the Luce and the Somme. South of Locon, on the southern flank of the Lys and three and one-half miles northeast of Bethune, the British repulsed heavy assaults on their lines. They also made some progress near Meteren. In the region of Locre, west of Kemmel, the French made some slight advance. Von Arnim's attacks at Hinge, northwest of Bethune, were beaten off by the British who also improved their positions east of Sally-le-Sec, east of Amiens and north of Albert, in the neighborhood of Hebuterne.

On the Italian front only local actions of minor importance took place, but Austrian troops are being massed in the Trentino and Tyrol, which are the highways to their trenches in the southwest. In Palestine the British forces east of the Jordan River attacked the enemy holding the foothills south of Es-Salt, and the mounted troops were within two miles of the town on April 30. An official bulletin stated that the British advanced along a line of one mile in the vicinity of Mezreh (Mesraesh-Sherkiyeh?) on the line of the British advance northward from Jerusalem, and that they later captured that village.

In Mesopotamia the British again resumed the offensive, with Mosul, the most important of the Turkish bases, as its goal. One of the British columns marching northward from the Tigris River advanced twenty miles towards that city, while another operating on the Euphrates made considerable progress towards Aleppo.

The Berlin official report on operations in Finland says that Finland was cleared of the enemy. German troops in cooperation with Finnish battalions, attacked the

enemy between Lakhti and Tevasthus in an encircling movement, and in a five days' battle, in spite of bitter defense and desperate attempts to break through, overwhelmingly defeated him. The Finnish forces cut off his retreat in a northerly direction. He was subsequently closed in on every side and 20,000 laid down their arms. The Finns, it was asserted by the Helsingfors correspondent of the *Svenska Dagbladet*, do not intend to attempt the conquest of Russian Karelia, since Germany will not support such a demand. Karelia is a region in the northwest of Russia embracing the southeast corner of Finland and including parts of the Government of Petrograd, Olonets and Archangel bordering on the northeast on the White Sea. The Karelians belong to the Finnish stock. The White Guards, or Finnish forces, captured Viborg, seventy-five miles northwest of Petrograd, after killing almost the entire force of Red Guards.

A revolution has occurred in the Ukraine. From what may be gathered from a very obscure situation, a meeting of several thousand peasants from the entire Ukraine

took place on April 29, at which dissatisfaction with the whole course of the Government was forcibly expressed. The most important of these meetings passed a resolution calling for the overthrow of the Government, the closing of the Central Rada, the cancellation of the Constituent Assembly convoked for May 12 and the abandonment of land centralization. General Skoropauski was proclaimed Hetman, or Commander-in-Chief. The Rada, at first weakly supported by Government troops, continued to sit, but it yielded when the troops were persuaded to retire for the sake of avoiding bloodshed. According to the *Kölnische Zeitung*, there was fighting in Kiev. Before the Main Committee of the German Reichstag Friedrich von Payer, Imperial Vice-Chancellor, speaking for the Chancellor Count von Hertling, made a statement concerning the Ukrainian situation, dealing first with the decree issued by General Herman von Eichorn relative to the sowing of crops; second, the arrest of the members of the Ukrainian Government, and third, the overthrow of the Ukrainian Government and the construction of another. Two German papers, the *Vorwaerts* of Berlin and the *Berlin Tageblatt* sharply criticize the conduct of the German Government with regard to the Ukraine. The *Tageblatt* says: "We cannot deny that we have not succeeded in winning the affection of the population under our military rule of Lithuania, not to speak of Poland. It is the same in the Ukraine. Even optimists may see that the Eastern structure stands on a very unstable foundation. It was always clear that the Ukraine would at the earliest possible moment seek union with Russia."

Germany has served an ultimatum on Russia demand-

ing the release of all German prisoners of war who are in good health, and threatened to take Petrograd in case

The Russo-German Situation

of a refusal. A German commission is soon to start for Russia to present the ultimatum from the Berlin Government, and the fact that this commission will consist of more than a hundred members and will go to Russia merely to demand the release of German soldiers is accepted as an index of the importance which Germany sets upon her demands. It has been asserted that there are 1,000,000—some say as many as 1,500,000—German prisoners in Russia and Siberia. The German demand is supposed to have a very close relation to the plans of Hindenburg and Ludendorff in their western offensive, and indicates almost conclusively the use to which the released prisoners are to be put, either to be again incorporated into German regiments or to take the place in munition factories and other war industries of other men who can be drafted into the German armies.

Belated dispatches state that Germany protested to the Bolshevik Foreign Minister against the landing of 6,000 Allied troops at Murmansk, declaring that permission for such landing was a violation of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, which stipulated peace with Finland and non-interference in its internal life. It was denied in the protest that Germans had participated in the raid of the Finnish Guards upon Kem, and the presence of Russian troops between Petrograd and Finland was objected to on the ground that they threatened to cross the frontier. Mediation of the Russo-Finnish conflict was promised if the Government prevented violations of the treaty. Meanwhile, German troops are continuing their advance into Russian territory. They are now reported to be in the Government of Kursk.

Emperor Charles of Austria has empowered the Austrian Premier, Dr. von Seidler, to adjourn Parliament. A statement published in Vienna indicates that

Closure of Parliament

the closure of Parliament is due to the seriousness of the food question. The statement says: "The Government will devote its entire strength to the economic problem and will try to create conditions required to enable the population to hold out." At a conference of party leaders, Dr. von Seidler declared that the serious economic and food situations made it imperative for the Government to be spared Parliamentary criticism. He therefore demanded that the sitting of Parliament be postponed, adding that unless the Parliamentary leaders took the step the Government would forcibly oppose its sittings. In spite of much opposition the postponement of Parliament was agreed upon. The Parliament is composed of 233 Germans, 108 Czechs, 92 Poles, 33 Ruthenians, 42 Jugoslavs, and 19 Italians. One of the burning questions it has to solve is that of the creation of the long-discussed Jugo-Slav or southern Slav state.

The production of the American shipyards for April is estimated at 240,000 tons, an increase of 50 per cent

over that of March and three times the amount turned out in January. Although the launchings in April do not reach the total hoped for, the progress is favorable

War Measures at Home

and it is hoped that the total production of the year may reach 4,000,000 tons. Ship construction is not as yet fully under way in the yards owned by the Government. The crop outlook points to a harvest of from 800,000,000 to 900,000,000 bushels of wheat. The Allied countries in Europe promise also large wheat crops. The situation therefore is much better than last year. In spite of this it will be still necessary to ship large quantities of wheat to Europe. This is due in great measure to the greater durability and "wearing quality" of wheat over other grains. The Third Liberty Loan drive ended at midnight, May 4, a complete success. Officials are confident that when all the sources of subscriptions have been officially heard from the over-subscription will be as high as \$1,500,000,000 bringing the total of the Third Loan to approximately \$4,500,000,000.

Ireland.—The Irish situation is as far from solution as ever. The British Parliament has so far utterly failed to deal with it satisfactorily, and the discontent in Ireland is paralleled by a similar feeling in England. Lloyd George has blundered seriously and there seems to be little prospect of unraveling the tangle. The New York *Evening Post* in an editorial of May 2 summarizes the situation as follows:

Home Rule and Conscription

Conscription in Ireland has been postponed by an Order in Council. Home Rule for Ireland, a bill for which the Government was pledged instantly to introduce and enact, is also postponed. The Cabinet is divided. The public is irritated. Many are calling upon the Ministry to drop both Irish conscription and Irish Home Rule. To do that would be a confession of weakness and folly amounting to suicide. But as the case stands, Lloyd George is convicted of gross mishandling of both parts of the Irish question. If an Irish Government had muddled the thing up as badly as the English Government has done, we know what Englishmen would have said. The incurable levity of Irishmen would have been harped upon, their lack of cool heads and long views. But Irish impetuosity and imprudence would certainly have been put to it to get into a worse quagmire than the one into which Lloyd George has rushed.

The pledges given by the Government on the floor of the House of Commons have not yet been fulfilled, and after the lapse of more than two weeks from the time when the Cabinet declared it would resign if Home Rule were not given to Ireland, the first draft of the proposed measure has not even been introduced at Westminster. Newspapers and members of Parliament are indignant, and British statesmen seem unable even to initiate plans for a settlement. According to the *Evening Post*, it has been suggested that "President Wilson be called in as umpire to decide both what form of government should be given to Ireland and what the Irish should do in the way of furnishing soldiers to the armies fighting Germany."

The suggestion is perhaps chimerical, but it has been seriously advocated. Bernard Shaw, with his recognized skill at feeling the pulse of the English public, has put himself on record in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian* as follows:

I have no doubt that if the Presidents of the French and American Republics were to claim from an Irish Parliament, as the payment of a debt for sympathy and for military and financial aid in the past, that the Irishman shall accept the common lot of the Frenchman and American in the general democratic struggle and make common cause with him in the field, the war fever would rage in Ireland as it has not yet raged in England. It is, therefore, useless for the Government to try and convince the world that it is Ireland that stands in the way of Irish reinforcements. There is no question between Ireland and the Allies. The Allies want the help of the Irish, and the Irish are, according to all their spokesmen, perfectly ready to recognize their responsibility and give it. But the English Government first refused Irish help out of pure fear of an Irish brigade, and now that a reverse on the west front frightens it out of its wits it insists on ordering the Irish into the English regiments as a dog is called to heel.

Mr. Lloyd George, in a letter acknowledging the receipt of a memorial signed by 60,000 Irish men and women resident in Great Britain, said that the re-establishment of concord in Ireland itself and between Ireland and Great Britain was the chief concern of British statesmanship. He continued:

A real settlement not only will bring peace, but new prosperity and new strength both to Ireland and the Empire. There is no object which I have more closely at heart than to assist in composing this ancient controversy. I am bound to say, however, that the difficulties, which as you well know are sufficiently great, have not been rendered easier of settlement by the challenge to the supremacy of the Parliament of the Kingdom in that sphere which always has been regarded as properly belonging to it by all advocates of Home Rule which recently was issued by the Nationalist party and the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in concert with the leaders of the Sinn Fein.

Mr. Andrew Bonar Law, speaking in the House of Commons on May 1, declared that he did not know when the Home Rule bill would be introduced, a statement which was taken in some quarters to mean that the bill had been indefinitely postponed. Sir Edward Carson, writing to the secretary of the Southern Unionist party in Ireland, outlined his position very clearly.

In the present condition of Ireland it seems to me little short of insanity for any Government to reopen the question of Home Rule. . . . This, indeed, is statesmanship manufactured out of panic and founded on broken pledges in breach of trust. If we have to go down, let's us do so with the flag flying and not in alliance with those whose object is to gain a vantage ground for enforcing further separation policies.

Ulster is more firmly fixed in its opposition to Home Rule than ever before, while the Nationalists and Sinn Feiners are equally opposed to conscription. On April 30 the national directorate of the United Irish League elected John Dillon chairman, to succeed the late John Redmond, and later passed unanimously a resolution of protest against the application of conscription to Ireland, which, it is declared, would be certain to end in failure and disaster. The resolution also called on the members

of the league to "strengthen and extend its organization, with a view to co-operating effectively with the Mansion House conference in resisting conscription."

For a short time, it is said, the impression was current in Ireland that the Government intended to abandon its scheme of conscription. What gave rise to the impression was the appointment of Edward Shortt as Chief Secretary, a home ruler, elected by the Irish of Newcastle to Parliament, and on record as having voted against the application of conscription to Ireland. This impression, however, has been dissipated, partly by the announcement made in the *Daily Mail* that immediately on returning from the meeting of the Supreme War Council in France the Premier conferred with the committee in charge of the Home Rule bill, "with the result that there is reason to believe that a basis for the adjustment of the clauses dealing with Ulster and the customs and finance has been found." The same authority states it is now expected that the bill will be ready for presentation in Parliament by May 19. On May 5 it was announced that Field Marshal Viscount French has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and that the Government will now pursue a "strong and firm Irish policy," offering Home Rule first and then calling upon Ireland to do its duty in the war.

Japan.—Baron Goto, Japan's new Foreign Minister, at a meeting of the chiefs of departments, held on April 27, announced that there would be no change in his country's war policy. He said

**War Policy
Unchanged**

that Japan would continue to give "encouragement, assistance and support to the work of reorganization in Russia," though "malevolent propaganda" in Siberia has been trying to estrange Japan and Russia by magnifying out of all proportion the importance of the landing of a few British and Japanese marines at Vladivostok. With regard to China, Baron Goto protests that Japan seeks nothing but "the friendship, cooperation and assistance" of her neighbor. "We ask China to disentangle herself from the old prejudices and maze of intrigue planted and fostered by the enemy." But in the first number of the *Shanghai Gazette*, its editor asserts that the Chinese Government has agreed to new demands that virtually hand over the country to the control of the Japanese. The *Gazette* declares:

It may be stated safely that the following is not far from the true terms of the agreement: Chinese expeditionary forces sent to Siberia shall be commanded by a Japanese. Chinese police shall be organized by Japanese officers. Japan shall control all of China's arsenals and dockyards. Japan shall have the privilege of working mines in all parts of China. Special privileges shall be granted to Japan in Outer and Inner Mongolia and the whole of Manchuria.

Other articles include provisions for financial control and educational assistance.

An earlier dispatch from Peking stated that the negotiations between the Chinese and Japanese Governments "were intended to refer solely to cooperation against

the enemy, and that the agreement would lapse as soon as the European war terminated, without infringing on the political or territorial integrity of China."

Russia.—The latest news from Russia indicates that the country has reached almost the last stages of political and economic chaos, for such significant facts as the

**Political and Economic
Chaos**

following are reported: At Kiev in a single day 1,048 officers were massacred by a Bolshevik mob, and numerous murders are committed in Petrograd but there are no convictions for them, as the courts have practically been abolished, and "rump" trials where anybody may testify or make a speech are common. In the streets of the capital generals in uniform sell papers and richly dressed ladies shovel snow while the Bolsheviks stand by and laugh. The formerly well-to-do now work as menials and noblewomen beg their bread from door to door. The officers on Russian ships have been murdered by their men, a skull and crossbones banner flies over the fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul and "The lower classes are simply making a prolonged spree of it."

Frederick M. Corse, an American who recently arrived here from Petrograd, paints this gloomy picture of conditions in Russia:

At the present time practically the whole Russian army has, of its own initiative, demobilized, and if the country could express the horrors of the present condition the world would be treated to one of the most harrowing recitals of human suffering ever recorded.

Having demobilized the army, the Council of Laborers' and Soldiers' Deputies proceeded systematically to lay the foundation of a social revolution. Class hatred is now the dominant note in Russia. Banks and credit institutions have been nationalized; that is, merged into the State Bank. Industrial plants have been taken under the control and management of the laborers, the owners thereof being deprived of their property rights without compensation.

All equities represented by stocks or bonds in credit institutions or industrial plants are canceled. Factories, mines, etc., under labor control and management are rapidly approaching collapse. Values in these properties have been so persistently destroyed that the stocks of private banks, whose value was chiefly represented by holdings and control of industrials, have become practically worthless.

The private banks of Russia are bankrupt. The State Bank, into which the private banks have been merged, honors its own checks only for paying the excessive wages of labor. The ordinary depositor can realize on checks drawn up to a limited amount by paying a commission, or blackmail, to some banking official from 5 to 20 per cent of the amount drawn.

Wholesale confiscation of private property, real and movable, is practised at the present time. Life is safe nowhere in the country. When I left Petrograd the intelligent and property classes were openly soliciting Germany to come and establish order. The proximity of German troops to the town was far less disquieting than the growing anarchy within.

Mr. Ray G. Knickerbocker, a metallurgist who has lately returned from Russia, gives a similar report, adding: "Germans who were taken prisoner are allowed to roam about the country at will, and have even been able to arm themselves."

The Genius of Sinn Feinism

JOHN F. FOGARTY.

FOR a true appreciation of the quality of Sinn Feinism as it now exists in Ireland, it is necessary to revert to but a few years ago, when it was not even an issue. The new political party is wielding such a mighty power today that the impression is abroad that it has now arrived at the culmination of a healthily developed movement. As a matter of fact, Sinn Feinism was a comparatively negligible force, politically considered, before Easter week, 1914, and it obtained its impetus not from the rising itself, but from the aftermath of the rebellion. Of course, there are many rhetorical enthusiasts of the cause who claim that the principles represented by Sinn Feinism are as old as the English invasion of Ireland. The contention makes better rhetoric than argument. Any Nationalist can advance a similar claim for his party. There are few newly discovered national principles, and political parties are but different interpretations of national purpose.

Following out the principle of the self-determination of nations, advocated by President Wilson, the destiny of Ireland ought not to be considered in the hands of Sinn Feiners or Nationalists, but of the Irish people at home as a nation. The Irish very clearly demonstrated through the Nationalist party what they wanted just before the outbreak of the war, so clearly, indeed, that Sinn Feiners are extremely shy of referring to it. They looked for a settlement that fell short of absolute independence. To explain the revulsion of policy in Ireland today it is not complimentary to the people to regard them as a kind of Shakespearian Roman mob ready to be swayed by every species of Mark Antony who comes their way. This seems, however, to be the general impression. Briefly, Sinn Feinism among the people is a purely artificial condition created by very untoward circumstances. Sinn Feinism now is a creation of the excesses of militarism in Ireland.

During the agitation for Home Rule a number of incidents occurred which clearly indicate that Ireland's present restlessness is a very consistent and natural result of the senseless shuffling of England. The English Government hesitated, in the first instance, to "coerce" the Orange element of the North, regardless of the right of majority rule, and regardless of the fact that in hesitating to force into line the Orange portion of Ulster it was in reality coercing what remained of Ulster as well as the rest of Ireland. There was the case of Sir Edward Carson, whose lawlessness and treason were condoned to a farcical extent. There was the case of men in high military command who refused to carry out government orders at variance with their politics. There were numerous other happenings combining to irritate the Irish sense of fairplay and justice. In view of these facts and in the light of the lenity meted out to men who were engaged

in a similar revolution in South Africa, the Irish people smarted under discrimination. Then came the disastrous affair in Dublin. The revolution could have been turned to the greatest advantage by England had she so desired. The Government could have disarmed the Irish by a little kindness. Had the leaders of the insurrection been imprisoned, or even deported: had the pound of flesh been extracted with less disgusting avidity: had the people who had no connection with the affair been spared the objectionable obtrusion of military and police: had the extended system of prosecutions been halted at a logical time, Sinn Feinism would not have affected the body of the people. The stage was set for the magnanimous act of the Government, which was not forthcoming.

The inevitable ensued. Ireland's pent-up resentment exploded. The people grasped at the nearest thing at hand and the most effective weapon to register their protest. It is not that they assimilated the principles of Sinn Feinism; they simply seized on the most aggressive method of displaying their contempt of the way in which England had been handling their destinies. The movement became an attitude to them, not a conviction, not even an affiliation in the same sense that men in America are Republican or Democratic. Sinn Feinism grew apace with military operations carried on in Ireland at a most ill-omened time. As a noted Nationalist explained it: "What the Sinn Fein leaders had failed to do during all their years of work, the military authorities succeeded in doing in the course of two weeks, and for every Sinn Fein recruit that the Sinn Fein leaders made, the military authorities made thousands."

To anyone who appreciates this and had been in touch with Ireland when she bore the evidences of prosperity and content, the present crisis through which that unhappy land is passing is heartrending. It all seems like a terrible dream. Before the outbreak of the war there was nothing in the aspect of the country which could lead one to imagine the possibility of a revolution in Dublin. Now her present restlessness is the despair of those who knew her before Easter week, 1914, just as her wonderfully improved condition then was the admiration of exiles returning after years of absence. What really has happened needs a more logical explanation than that discontent has been camouflaged under the guise of content and prosperity. The explanation must take cognizance of the traditions, the sensibilities and human character of the Irish people. The English press is delivering the impression broadcast that Irishmen are adopting a policy of soreheadedness and irreconciliation at an inopportune time. That so many of the sons of the old land have already been sacrificed to German tyranny seems clear proof that the heart of Ireland is in the cause of justice and humanity. If conscription is being opposed

now it is because the people feel that England is interested in Ireland only in so far as that interest regards her own welfare. And everything is conspiring to confirm the suspicion. There are thousands of worthy Irishmen who beheld in the work of the Liberal party the dawn of Ireland's delivery. They believed that England had at last discovered the secret of conciliating Ireland. In view of what has intervened they can hardly be censured for allying themselves with the milder Sinn Feinism of the kind which bespeaks their sense of indignation for trust betrayed.

A nation, like an individual, can be disappointed only to a certain stage. Beyond that point, if the offending party turns to harshness, however just, there is danger of lasting estrangement. Technically considered, the execution of the leaders of the Dublin uprising was possibly justifiable: but in analogous cases the processes of justice were stayed. Justice which discriminates is injustice. Once a precedent had been created it left the treatment of the Sinn Fein leaders a matter of expediency, and reduced to such a plane, the case of Ireland was clear. The hundreds of years of mismanagement and misunderstanding,

the senseless parrying of the English Government when the course to pursue was clear and unmistakable, the endless shifting and shuffling were reason sufficient to induce clemency and consideration for a country more sinned against than sinning. But the conciliation of Ireland was once again subordinated to the demands of the law-and-order element, who, in the words of Lord Morley, "are responsible for at least as many of the fooleries of history as revolutionists are," and once more the unhappy country was left with an inheritance of discontent and, incidentally, of Sinn Feinism.

Such is the genius of a movement raised over-night from academical insignificance to a position of mighty prominence. It explains why worthy members of the Irish Hierarchy and priesthood who denounced the rebellion are themselves of Sinn Fein sympathies today. It proves that the present attitude of the Irish is as logical, consistent and human as an attitude can be. Indeed, it demonstrates how a man can be Nationalist and Sinn Feiner at the same time without being said to forego his Nationalist policies by adopting the principles of the other party.

"Catholic Parsons Battle's Heroes"

L. F. HAPPEL

"**Y**OU are too good a fighter to be in the clergy. Let someone else do the sky-pilot work." This was the remark addressed to the Rev. William J. Farrell, recently curate of St. Bernard's Church, West Newton, Mass., now a chaplain with the American Expeditionary Forces, by an officer of high rank, when the latter tendered the priest a fighting command. The offer was the result of the heroic conduct of Chaplain Farrell in the engagement at Seicheprey, Saturday night and Sunday morning, April 20 and 21. Among the few details touching this battle, which gave America its first lengthy casualty list from France, particular mention was made of Father Farrell's conduct. The chaplain went to the assistance of a battery after four of the American gunners had been killed, and carried ammunition, keeping the gun in action all night and finding, in the meantime, opportunity to discharge his priestly duties. Later, though wounded, he refused attention until he had first carried an injured lad to security. For this conduct, the press said, Father Farrell was officially cited for bravery and received the offer of a commission in the fighting line.

The same press dispatch mentioned, in the list of heroes of the same battle, the Rev. Osias J. Boucher, formerly assistant at St. Anthony's Church, West Bedford, Mass.; the Rev. John B. de Valles, formerly assistant at St. John the Baptist Church, in the same city, previously mentioned in dispatches for his valorous conduct and later decorated with the Cross of War, and the Rev. Michael J. O'Connor, formerly of St. Francis de Sales Church, Roxbury, Boston, now chaplain of a Massachusetts in-

fantry regiment attached to the famous Rainbow Division of guardsmen. This honor roll of the American Catholic clergy comes from but a single, actually the first serious, engagement of the American troops in France.

The night at Seicheprey had no dearth of heroes. The troops that fought there were mainly those whose appreciation of the duty of patriotic service was keenest and who had few ties of responsibility that would hold a man back in the critical hour. For the most part they were men who leaped forward in response to the country's first call for defenders. Why then, when heroes manned every gun and defended every shell-hole, did the news correspondent pass by all except the chaplains? Possibly because the priest's duty, capably performed, is the more striking; as perhaps, too, for some people, the more surprising.

Meager as are the details that are offered in the cabled report, there is one deduction that can be drawn with absolute certainty. That commander who suggested that Father Farrell was too valiant to wear the sacred Cross was not a Catholic. His attitude is typical of that displayed by a large element of the non-Catholic world, since the days of August, 1914, when priests again entered the battlefield in one capacity or another. Had that commander been a Catholic, Father Farrell's conduct would possibly have passed wholly unnoted; at best, it might have been commented upon as an instance when duty was well done and an expectation was fulfilled. One thing is fact. No chapter of the war's record shows more glorious achievement than that which tells the history of how

the priesthood of the Catholic Church behaved on the various battlefields of the world during these last four years. Catholics, of course, expected nothing else. The early message from the field of Seicheprey was one that they awaited with certainty.

Still, about much that is written concerning the priest and his services in trenches and hospitals, there is a tone suggestive of surprise, as though the writer had witnessed a marvel, absolutely opposed to his previous conviction, and which he hastens to tell to what he fears will be a skeptical audience. Nowhere is this tone of amazement more pronounced than when it touches upon the French clergy. Two wholly satisfactory explanations suggest themselves: First of all, the surprise is great because, plainly, her priesthood owed little to France. A world, fast returning to the old law of an eye for an eye, could not appreciate why the exiled clergy of France should leave the peace and security of foreign lands, hasten back to the shambles of Europe, and fight for a country that had persecuted them and persisted in that course even in the face of their loyalty. But if anyone knew the pulse of France, it was her priesthood. The exiled clergy were well aware that the unsightly, repulsive eruption which was festering in Paris was only skin-deep, and that the blood that coursed through the veins of France could be easily purged and made wholesome again. When the German invader crossed the frontier the priests did not return from a hundred lands of exile at the cry of alarm of a traitorous Caillaux or a persecuting Viviani, but in response to a message sent over the wires of love from the hearts of their own people, their former pupils, parishioners and penitents.

There is yet another reason why the clergy of France are the most frequently mentioned of all heroes in the annals of the war. The anti-clerical control of France put into the hands of the priest the rifle and bayonet instead of the sacred oils. Actually, this gave the priests a greater opportunity to distinguish themselves; for the world will always see first the man who leaps forward determined to die rather than halt, while only second sight reveals the stretcher-bearer who follows in his wake, facing the same rain of shells but merely giving succor to the wounded. That is why the heroism of the priesthood of France is touched on by virtually all who have written the record of their experiences in dugouts and trenches and shell-holes. These praises, too, the clergy of France deserve; but not the suggestion of surprise that often lurks about the words that tell of their valor.

I wonder what those Catholic boys of Massachusetts, who fought at Seicheprey, thought of Fathers Farrell and Boucher, of Fathers de Valles and O'Connor? Was there one of them who stumbled and fell, with the whole, firm flesh of the previous moment torn and bleeding, surprised when he opened his eyes to meet the bronze Cross on the khaki collar? Rather, would he not have been surprised if his eyes had failed to see that Cross, knowing as he must that there was a Catholic chaplain attached

to his battery or regiment? When we have that all too rare thought of our own last hour, does not the picture that flashes through our mind invariably include the purple-stoled priest with his hand raised in absolution? Is it not an innate conviction with us that this grace shall be ours, provided our last breath is mercifully deferred till the nearest priest has time to hasten to our side?

If the lepers of Molakai had their Damien, who was ready to enter their living tomb, where death, lingering, revolting, agonizing, but certain, awaited him, shall there be none of God's anointed mindful of the men who fall on the field of honor, though it be the most shell-splattered field of all Picardy?

"My wife, my children, are dearer than life to me." Often are these words heard from the lips of husband and father, and history has given proof that they are not empty words. Yet, will a man who has closed his heart forever to the love of wife and child, as a sacrifice that would make him more perfect in a higher calling, hesitate to give what is much less, his mortal life, in the performance of the most sacred duty of his vocation? The certainty that, if circumstances make it at all possible for a priest to come to us when we are on the borderland of eternity, a priest will be at our side, is a conviction that is deeply engraved in our hearts. It was put there possibly by his pledge to us; a pledge valued by some indefinable, nevertheless positive, light in the clerical eye. More probably it was a personal experience that gave birth to the conviction; or the reading of some incident, the details of which we may have forgotten, but the purport of which is with us still.

It may be that the mention of Nashville will stir the memory. It was half a century ago when the country was sated with sorrow, suffering and death. Americans too had had their heroes. Men who had not flinched on the bloodiest fields of the "sixties" were marching the streets of every city ready to be acclaimed valiant warriors. Pestilence followed war in Nashville, Tennessee. The days were among the direst the Southland has ever known. The Bishop of Nashville was the late Mgr. P. A. Feehan, subsequently first Archbishop of Chicago. When the plague fell on the city and all who could, no matter what their responsibilities, fled to security, the Bishop sounded a call to his priests to remain, every man, at his post. They did. They anointed fevered brows and yellow hands, brows and hands that it was death to touch. The only reward was the consciousness that another's hour of anguish had been eased and probably a soul saved; that a duty had been well done and death faced. Death was met, too. Mound upon mound was added to the row in the Catholic cemetery. In all thirty-three of God's servants in the priesthood laid down their lives in the performance of their great duty, their duty to the dying.

Such incidents as that just narrated, what are they to a world that expects a hero to scrape the skies in a battle-plane? There were wholly lacking in plague-smitten

Nashville the luring music of batteries and the onward-spurring, soul-gripping glamor that even a battlefield of today has. So a world, given to placing a higher value on the stage-setting than on the acting, passes by Bishop Feehan and his priests. Yet Catholics, when they meet this incident and a hundred like it, though they may only pause momentarily, yet they do pause long enough to draw from it another prop to support the conviction that leads the dying men in Flanders to open their eyes in the expectation that they will meet the bronze Cross on the khaki collar.

No, there is no Catholic who would at all minimize the nobility of the chaplains' services at Seicheprey, or on any other field where the American Expeditionary Forces will fight. Let that tale of heroism be told as often as there is an ear bent to hear it, for the greater is the chance then that some small impression will be left on the indifferent mind of the world. But we Catholics when we open our morning paper and read the black-lettered head, "Catholic Parsons Battle's Heroes," do not know a moment's surprise. Truly, there is a thrill of satisfaction; but it is that of an expectation realized at the earliest possible moment.

A Great Irish Prelate

LAURENCE P. MURRAY

THE death, on the eve of St. Patrick's feast, of the Most Rev. John Healy, Archbishop of Tuam, has left a gap in Irish ecclesiastical scholarship which it will not be easy to fill. In the long line of Archbishops of Tuam we find the names of many illustrious saints, scholars and patriots, Jarlath, Catholicus O'Duffy, Florence Conry, Malachy O'Queely and John MacHale, but the latest occupant of the sea of St. Jarlath has left a name that must always remain prominent among the greatest of those who adorned the episcopacy, not merely of Tuam, but of all Ireland. The announcement of his death caused profound regret throughout the whole English-speaking Catholic world, in every portion of which his writings are well known.

Ballinafad, on the picturesque shores of Lough Arrow, in County Sligo, has the honor of being the birthplace of this distinguished churchman. Educated at the diocesan college in Sligo, and at the National Seminary of Maynooth, he numbered among his class-fellows four men afterwards destined to be his coworkers in the Irish episcopacy, Edward Thomas O'Dwyer, James Browne, Joseph Hoare, and Robert Browne. His contemporaries in Maynooth also included the present Cardinal Primate of Armagh, Archbishop Walsh of Dublin and the late Archbishop Carr of Melbourne. Even among such able students, Healy was recognized as the leader, and when he was ordained in 1867 he left Maynooth with the reputation of being its most brilliant student since the time of John MacHale.

From 1867 to 1879 he labored in his native diocese of

Elphin, chiefly as assistant priest in the parishes of Ballygar and Grange. In 1879 he was appointed to one of the chairs of theology in Maynooth, and in 1883 he became prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, the post-graduate seminary of the Irish priesthood. During the greater part of his time at Maynooth he was editor of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, and it can safely be said that, with the possible exception of *Studies* of our own day, no Irish publication ever attained such a high standard as did the *Record* under Dr. Healy's guidance. In 1884 he was appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert and titular Bishop of Macra, and in 1896 he succeeded to the See of Clonfert. In 1903 he was endowed with the crozier and mitre of the historic archdiocese of Tuam. It was on St. Patrick's Day, 1903, that Dr. Healy was installed in the Cathedral of St. Jarlath, and fifteen years later, almost to the very day, on the eve of the feast of the great Saint whose life he had done so much to make known, he passed to his eternal reward.

Here in America the deceased prelate is best known and will be remembered by the many learned and scholarly works that he produced, works which no student of Irish history can afford to neglect. All his leisure time was devoted to the patient study of the history, literature and antiquities of his native land, and his output of works on these subjects was amazing. His vacations he usually spent in Ireland, traveling on foot over each county, collecting the traditions that had gathered around the holy wells, the ancient castles, the ruined abbeys and the famous battlefields, and tracing the footsteps of saints and heroes who in bygone days had made Ireland famous. A complete list of the articles which he wrote for various magazines and for the booklets of the Irish Catholic Truth Society would fill several pages of this journal. He wrote most of the important articles on Irish history in the "Catholic Encyclopedia," and in few of the volumes is his name missing from the list of contributors. The "History of Maynooth College," a gigantic work of over a thousand pages, shows wide and varied research. But the two books by which he will always be best known, "Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars" and "The Life and Writings of St. Patrick," call for a more extended notice.

The first of these books was published in 1890, and was so successful that within a few years it reached five editions. It deals with a period which is admittedly the most important as well as the most interesting in the history of the Irish race. It would be impossible to mention in even the most summary way the contents of the twenty-four chapters which make up this volume. Having acquired from ancient manuscripts and annals an intimate knowledge of the lives of the different actors in the brilliant drama that he was to describe, the author perfected and corrected that knowledge by visiting every place of historical interest in Ireland. Calm judgment and well-balanced deliberation are everywhere in evidence, and rarely do his conclusions outstep the limits warranted by

the premises at his disposal. But the chief explanation of the extraordinary success of the work lies in its order of treatment and its elegance of style. The writings of O'Donovan and O'Curry are probably more erudite, but their contempt for the loftier graces of style repels all but the professional historian. Modern taste in literature is so refined that even the writer on technical subjects who ignores the accepted principles of composition is certain to be left behind in the race for success.

Dr. Healy had at his command a better medium than the lumbering style in favor with the majority of learned historians. His warm imagination and his elegance of diction enshroud even the commonplace with the glow and brilliance of romance. At one time he moves rapidly, carried along by the impetuous torrent of his own eloquence and gradually communicating to the reader the enthusiasm which he himself feels; at another, when he leisurely moralizes on the rules of human action and of moral obligation, his language assumes the solemnity and the impressiveness of the inspired text. By its vivid descriptions, its judicious grouping of incidents, its dramatic development of character and its deeply religious tone, the book, throughout its whole length, holds the unwavering attention of the reader.

From the point of view of scholarship, the second volume, "Life and Writings of St. Patrick," is not so satisfactory. Ireland's Patron Saint has always exercised a wonderful fascination over biographers, and more than two-hundred works dealing directly or indirectly with his life and teachings are known to exist. Unfortunately, many of these biographers, by a judicious process of elimination and addition, have tried to shape the Saint's teaching according to their own tenets. Episcopalians trace from him an unbroken episcopal succession; Presbyterians claim that he antedated Knox by centuries; Methodists and Baptists can each prove that he was an upholder of their respective creeds; while Catholics are mildly amused at the insanity of all the others. The presence of this much-claimed apostle was too much for German rationalist lore, and Zimmer outdid them all when, by sheer force of philological criticism, he proved to an astonished world that Patrick had never existed. It was a daring thing for his Grace of Tuam to enter this arena, and almost rash was the gage of battle which he threw down in the opening sentence of the introduction. "Our chief purpose in writing this new life of Patrick, when so many lives already exist, is to give a fuller and more exact account of the Saint's missionary labors than any that has appeared since the Tripartite Life was first written."

In a question of this kind the claim of fulness and accuracy depends entirely on the authenticity of the sources used. Dr. Healy based his whole narrative upon the lives preserved in the Book of Armagh, the Epistle to Coroticus, and the seven Lives preserved by the patriotic friar, John Colgan. In accepting all these works as genuine, he brushed aside most of the findings of the last

fifty years of Irish scholarship, and substituted only his own personal opinions. Especially in regard to those lives attributed to Aileran the Wise, Secundinus, Probus, and Loman, there is not an authority on Irish history who would agree with his Grace. However, we have no desire to examine, in the light of recent historical findings, the many loose statements and assumptions in which the work abounds. It is sufficient to say that the great labors of such men as O'Curry, O'Donovan, Jubainville, Stokes, Zeuss and Zimmer were to the author as though they had never existed, and that, as far as scholarship goes, the work is such as might have been expected from the eighteenth century.

If the scholars were disappointed, it was otherwise with the wide circle of readers who cared little for textual criticism. The book immediately became the most popular work on early Irish ecclesiastical history, and by Irish Catholics generally it is considered the standard life of their Patron Saint. The reason is clear. The author is at his best in narration, and the account of St. Patrick's labors is consistently graphic and interesting. His trustworthy knowledge of Irish topography and of the legends that have gathered around the places hallowed by Patrick's presence gives to the work a vividness that is usually absent from biographical sketches. In addition, the author's frank acceptance of most of the miracles attributed to St. Patrick makes the volume a welcome one to many who are sick of the unbelief of modern scholarship.

In politics the Archbishop occupied a peculiar position between popularity and unpopularity. His attitude of studied neutrality sometimes attracted unfriendly comment, and by a small section of extremists he was regarded as little better than an English Tory. In his opposition to Socialism he was uncompromising, and it was due almost entirely to his efforts that the mushroom propaganda of the little anti-clerical Socialist clique in Dublin during the early years of the twentieth century collapsed almost more quickly than it had begun. On occasion, too, he told sharp social truths even to his own followers. In 1907 he bluntly told a meeting of the clerical managers of primary schools that their retention of their positions depended on efficiency, kindness and tolerance. "Prove yourselves intelligent, efficient, and tolerant. Visit the schools constantly, make things comfortable for the poor children, treat the teachers with consideration, and do away with domination and tyranny." He was forever warning the Irish priests against political entanglements and against intolerance on questions where religion and morality had no direct bearing. On one occasion, when a prominent Irish priest, in the course of a paper on Socialism, tried to warn his audience against many things which were not Socialism at all, the Archbishop bluntly interrupted him with the remark that it was the duty of the State, or the Government, or the community, to find work for everybody who is able and willing to work.

Universities and learned societies vied in honoring him. From the Royal University, of which he was senator, he received the degree of LL.D. He was also senator of the National University, as well as a member of the governing board of the Galway University. He was a member of the Royal Irish Academy, Vice-President of the Royal Antiquarian Society, founder of the Galway Archaeological Society, and President of the Irish Catholic Truth Society. As a member of the Robertson University Commission he handled some of the hostile witnesses in a way that could not be surpassed by an expert lawyer. As a public speaker he had no equal among Irish churchmen of his day. His varied and extensive knowledge, his power of intellect, his poetic temperament, the splendid voice, and the stately figure crowned by a noble head, with the kindly flashing eye, gave a surpassing dignity to his presence. In the administration of his own diocese he displayed a remarkable zeal in providing churches and schools. According to the testimony of his own priests, he was an ideal archbishop. In an address presented to him in 1909, on the occasion of the silver jubilee of his consecration, the clergy of his diocese declared:

We have a deep admiration for your sense of justice, which should be the first characteristic of every bishop. We have confidence in the fearless courage, rising superior to every other

consideration, with which you raise a warning voice whenever you see danger threatening the interest of our holy religion.

In his reply the Archbishop, probably for the first time in any of his public utterances, touched a personal and intimate note:

With regard to my writings, I was certainly in earnest in all the literary work that I undertook, and, above all, I was inspired with the life-long purpose of doing the best I could for the honor of God and the glory of Erin. Since I began my missionary life as a poor curate, I have devoted all my leisure time to the patient and loving study of the history, the literature, and the antiquities of ancient Ireland. I found it to be a mine of untold wealth, and I sought to make known as clearly as I could to others the marvelous lives and achievements of the saints and scholars of ancient Erin. I sought to trace their footsteps over hills and through valleys. I visited their little oratories in the wildest and remotest islands round our coasts. I once rode through a midnight storm until morning's dawn, to get an opportunity of visiting the holy island of Lough Derg, and I visited every place where Patrick was reputed to have sojourned, not only here in Ireland, but in Scotland, Wales, France, in the islands of the Tyrrhene Sea, and through the deep valleys of the Italian Alps. There are some people now disposed to regard me as a West Briton, if not something worse, because I cannot fit myself into the rigid mold they have been kind enough to cast for me, but I am sure that thinking men, both now and hereafter, will judge me by my acts and writings, rather than by such wild statements, and I am prepared to abide by that test.

The test is altogether in favor of the great Archbishop.

Prohibition, the Constitution and the Mass

MICHAEL KENNY, S.J.

AMONG the decisive determinants of the question whether prohibition of sacramental wine is constitutional stands the great Ordinance of 1787, which, in order "to fix and establish . . . the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty . . . as the basis of all laws, constitutions and governments which forever hereafter shall be formed" in our new territory, ordains as "forever unalterable except by common consent," six organic "articles of compact between the original States and the people and States in the said territory"; and it lays down as first of these: "No person . . . shall be ever molested on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiments . . ." The First and Tenth Amendments, considered by themselves alone, might not preclude a State, as Bryce and some others infer, from establishing or proscribing a religion; but read together with this Ordinance, which was enacted in its final form of 1790 by the same Congress that proposed and proclaimed these Amendments, they cannot be held to yield any such construction. Least of all may they be construed to permit any Catholic to "be molested on account of his mode of worship," which then as now was, and was known to be, essentially the Mass. Then, even more than now, Protestants had a vivid consciousness of what Mr. Birrell has crystallized in the dictum: "It is the Mass that matters." They had proscribed it on their ad-

vent to these shores, and kept on proscribing it till the colonies became by the Constitution chemically compounded into the United States. Catholics were penalized in most colonies and restricted in all; but the essential of our "mode of worship" most specifically proscribed was precisely that which had been so proscribed in their motherland. Elizabeth and her persecuting successors had made the Mass treasonable to celebrate and felonious to attend, and hunted, banished or executed "Mass-priests" as traitors to the realm. The Protestant colonists brought hither the same bias. Occasionally some of them bore hard on one another, but invariably all of them bore harder upon Catholics. Whatever else was tolerated, the Mass was banned and its celebrants and hearers were always civilly and often physically molested. Mass had to be said covertly in even the Catholic manors of Maryland till 1770, and its semi-public celebration in Philadelphia elicited storms of protest against the "Popish Mass."

Now, Madison and Jefferson and Washington and the other founders of the Constitution who procured or inspired the enactment of religious liberty in Virginia and nine other States prior to 1790 were thoroughly cognizant that the Catholic religion would be its chief beneficiary and that Catholic worship was distinctively the Mass. They had seen Mass proscribed in colonial days and dur-

ing the War of Independence they had witnessed its celebration. Benedict Arnold also knew its significance, and issued a proclamation making such attendance a justification for his treason: "The eye which guides this pen lately [May 4, 1780] saw your mean and profligate Congress at Mass for the Soul of a Roman Catholic in purgatory." (Miralles, the Spanish Envoy.)

Hence, (1) when President Washington and the First Constitutional Congress ratified a few years later the fundamental Ordinance restraining any State from ever molesting any person on account of his mode of worship they knew both that it was chiefly Catholics who were subject to molestation and that the characteristic Catholic worship was the Mass. (2) When the same Congress proposed to the States and the same President signed the First Amendment, they were simply putting on themselves and their successors the same restraint they had already laid down for all future States. It matters not that legislatures and people did not always rise in practice to the high level of the standard so suddenly set. That three States retained for a while, and others occasionally imposed, religious restrictions does not prove they had constitutional warrant therefor. It takes time for the full appreciation of constitutional as well as doctrinal development to filter into clouded or biased minds; but the lagging trio gradually fell into the line of religious liberty with their elder and younger sisters and with every State and territory now under the Union flag. The Ulpian and Justinian maxim that "Long-standing customs approved by the consent of those who practised them take the place of law," obtains in all civilized communities. Its force is intensified when law itself is approved and consolidated by universal custom coeval with our national life.

The ordinances, compacts, treaties and customs of the United States under its own Constitution strengthen immensely the historical foundation of Justice Brewer, who has based mainly on pre-constitutional traditions and tendencies the Supreme Court judgment in favor of Trinity Church, that in this country every law must be interpreted as favoring, and none as denying, Christian beliefs and practices, and "no purpose of action against religions can be imputed to any legislation, State or national." (143 U. S., 465.) His further ground of judgment, weighted by many precedents,—that courts must interpret an act not by its letter but by the intent of the legislators, and that to find the intent courts must consider the evil to be remedied, contemporaneous events and circumstances, and all other extraneous aids to certitude—bears with closer pertinence and wider import on the right of a universal religious body to practise its essential worship than on the privilege of a congregation to import a minister.

Hence, to find the intent of the First Amendment, inhibiting Federal restrictions on religious freedom, courts must consider the special evils to be remedied thereby, mainly anti-Catholic discriminations; contemporaneous

events, including the important Catholic contributions to our liberties so pointedly emphasized by Washington; and, above all, the extended value given to Section II, Article IV of the Constitution when in 1790 territorial ordinances came into force. This section reads: "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." Now, when the new States came into the Union they came under formal compact, irrevocable except "by common consent," to accept the principles of civil and religious liberty as the basis of all their laws and constitutions, and, definitively, to molest no peaceable person on account of his mode of worship. Therefore religious liberty and freedom of worship were among the "privileges and immunities" of such States; and hence, under Article IV, every citizen of all other States was and is equally entitled to them. Various sectional interests and antagonisms obscured the full implication of this constitutional provision; the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment brought it clearly to light:

All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the States wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States.

The writers who see in this section no protection against State restrictions of religious rights strangely overlook the clause defining citizenship as primarily national. Its immediate purpose was to protect the rights, not merely of the emancipated negroes, but also of the business men of New York State, who were appealing for congressional aid against invidious discrimination by other States. The response of Congress was, says Hannis Taylor, "the first positive definition ever given to citizenship of the United States as a primary and substantive thing independent of State citizenship"; and the Fourteenth Amendment, "by creating a national citizenship as the primary citizenship," merely carried the principle of Article IV to its logical conclusion: "That the sum of Federal power vested in the new Constitution should operate not upon States, but directly upon individuals," who "should be primarily its own citizens" (Science of Jurisprudence, pp. 459-461). Mr. Taylor has been cited as uncertain of what the Supreme Court *will* do in a given case, as all but prophets are; but he is quite certain of what it *can* do. Its jurisdiction being coextensive with the Constitution, which by intent and definition empowers the national authority to protect every citizen in his religious and other common privileges and immunities, the Supreme Court has power to nullify all laws prohibitive thereof.

That the Constitution should be such a national instrument was, in fact, the intent of its builders. In the Constitutional Convention of 1787, Randolph carried his motion, that the "authority of legislature, executive and judiciary must be supreme," on the ground that since "a confederacy is a mere compact, a national, supreme gov-

ernment must have a complete and compulsive operation"; and Wilson of Pennsylvania forecast the Fourteenth Amendment in his assenting statement: "A citizen of America is a citizen of the general Government, and is a citizen of the State in which he resides." Madison insisted that the new system was not a violable treaty between legislatures, but an inviolable constitution founded on the people and paramount to the States' individual authority; and he carried ratification in Virginia despite the eloquence of Patrick Henry, who vigorously opposed it precisely on Madison's ground, that it was "a consolidated national government." On the same ground the Constitution met strong opposition in most ratifying States; but in each the supporters of national government triumphed, and they also carried Madison's kindred contention, that ratification be absolute, and amendments be submitted as "declaratory truths not affecting the validity of the act."

The fact of primary and indestructible national citizenship, and of the consequent right and power of Congress to act directly on the people, who "as distinguished from a government . . . constitute the State," was embodied, 1868, in the decision of the Supreme Court in *Texas v. White*, on constitutional grounds antedating the Fourteenth Amendment (7 Wallace, U. S. 700). But this Article further emphasizes the full implication of "privileges and immunities" and the power of the national Government to protect every citizen therein. On the other hand, it makes the individual directly amenable to the national authority; and hence, should the prohibition amendment pass, every State and citizen, whether assenting or dissenting, will be legally bound by it, unless and until the Supreme Court declare it unconstitutional. Must the Supreme Court so declare?

Padre Serra and San Diego

J. J. MURPHY

THREE district squadrons of military airplanes, twenty-four in all, were simultaneously on the wing today over San Diego. Flying daily in the turquoise sky of this superb climate, air men endorse the choice of that very practical dreamer, Padre Junipero Serra. A Divine sense of humor that rainbows the clouds of life made him take in religion the name of that genial Brother Junipero, whose sweetness of character caused the blithe, human St. Francis d'Assisi to wish that he had a whole forest of such junipers.

The sun, as blue over San Diego as above that beautiful Italy, where the Apostle of God's open air caroled his joyous lay to Brother Sun, shone on a motley crowd that July 16, 1769, feast of the Triumph of the Holy Cross, when the mother country commemorates the victory in 1212 of Catholic Spain over the Moors on the fields of Navas de Tolosa. That day gave a foretaste of heaven to Padre Serra, whose patriotic idealism and passionate energy yearned for years to explore Alta California for faith and fatherland. Would that some artist would picture that scene on a hillside near our sapphire bay, in 1604, christened San Diego.

Representing royalty stands Don Gaspar de Portala, in the dress of a Spanish grandee, while Padre Serra, in rough habit, impresses one by force of character apart from all trappings

of circumstance and state. Nearby are a few soldiers, weather clad, forerunners of the aviators that now loop the loop over the spot, together with a few servants, muleteers, and the cattle that filled the little ship, which took months for a voyage our airplanes can make in hours. The trees furnished a cross in front of California's first church of brush laid on stout poles. From another tree hangs the Spanish bells, that today ring the Angelus at "Old Town," the adobe cradle of modern California.

In a letter home Padre Serra describes the first families: "The men naked, the women and children honestly covered from the breasts down with a sort of fiber cloth." It did not require California's bright sun to make Padre Serra see big with unbounded optimism:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

He so well set the example of being at the head when hardship or exploration called, that in the California Franciscan lexicon which fate reserves for eternal recognition, there was no such word as slacker. Padre Serra, suffering from a very sore leg, submitted to the treatment of a muleteer, who applied the only remedy he knew, that which healed the backs of his beasts, a plaster of herbs and hot tallow. While the Padre limped for life, "many a time and oft" did he walk between the Mission and the port, where today is coaling H. M. S. Lancaster, whose sister ship, the *Monmouth*, was sunk November, 1914, off the coast of Chile by the German Admiral von Spee's fleet. Up the King's Highway to Monterey did our Padre trudge to hold his own with the Castilian governors, who evidently did not leave the superior race above reproach. A believer in retributive justice, he warned the soldiers that "as you oppress the natives, another people will come putting their feet on your necks." With political wrangling and the daily struggle with ignorant and troublesome charges, life was not all sunshine, but God blessed our hero with a friend, Padre Juan Crespi. In the Mission's darkest hour of starvation, when the commandants ordered the return to Mexico, Father Crespi alone promised to stay with Padre Serra, who had so little idea of giving up that he sent by one of the sailors an order for a supply of holy oils. True-hearted Padre Crespi! Is it any wonder that Serra, who asked nothing in life, made the dying request to lie forever at your side? Kindred spirits were Serra and Crespi, whose journals even yet make good reading, cheery with the joy of adventure, and an ardent interest in plants, in Indians as Indians, in soldiers, animals, and the hundred and one things of a strange land where nature is so bountiful.

Though San Diego scored the first thousand Baptisms, many natives did not enter the fold, preferring the mountain to the mission. One old chief scorned friars, soldiers, white men in general, who he argued were nobody's superior, for did they not die the same as Indians? This red Douglas held his own in the camp of his enemies, where a fellow feeling for even a heathen with backbone made the Padre wondrous kind. When a savage inland tribe killed the youthful priest, Louis Jayme, Padre Serra would not allow the guards to punish them. The name of this proto-martyr who "fell asleep" a mass of wounds and blood from stoning, "only his consecrated hands uninjured," as an eye-witness tells us, should be a household word in the land which Serra gratefully predicted would be converted and civilized by the martyr's sacrifice.

The Padres never were self-advertisers, and the personal element in their written records is very meagre. Their monuments are the olives, the palms, the oranges, figs and grapes, the feathery pepper trees, the flower seeds brought from Spain, and best of all, the abiding faith of the Indians.

Padre Serra was the pioneer California "hustler," working as a common laborer among the natives, making adobes and lifting heavy pieces of wood. Very holy he was, too, and kind. In the first years when there was hardly anything to eat, he

went hungry, but prosperous days see him delighting the little ones with brown sugar and chocolate, and their parents with beads of glass, which they regarded as diamonds. Anticipating present-day health foods, the big copper kettle of nourishing cereals was always accessible. The hospitality of the Missions became a proverb among the Yankees, English and Russians, who sailed the Pacific. Palon, Serra's biographer, has left us a picture of his last home, Mission San Carlos, Monterey, an adobe hut open to the chill ocean wind, where this true son of St. Francis lived without any other housekeeper than Lady Poverty. Here in pain and prayer were spent Serra's last days, and here, August 28, 1784, he went to the reward of his labors. His body lies beside that of Padre Crespi and others of that apostolic company that brought religion and civilization to this great State.

It seems not a far cry from Mission days to our own, when a short time since Padre Serra's cope, sent him from Avila in Spain by St. Teresa's daughters, covered the broad shoulders of an edifying Soggarth, carrying the Blessed Sacrament in a Corpus Christi procession under the graceful pepper trees planted by Serra's brethren. Manly José and Pablo bearing lillies aloft, black-eyed, straight-haired Dolorita and Ysobel scattering roses before Our Lord, preceded their swarthy parents in new suits and light shoes, carrying the candles of faith lighted by Padre Serra.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should not exceed six hundred words.

Dr. Ryan and Mr. Neacy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. T. J. Neacy's letter in AMERICA for April 27 shows that he still judges both employers and employees by their minority performances. Labor unions have occasionally done unjust things; therefore, labor unions are essentially evil. Some employers have been more benevolent than the civil law; therefore, all employers always treat their employees fairly. By this method one could readily show that atheism is practically superior to Christianity!

Mr. Neacy unwittingly does me an injustice when he asserts that the secondary boycott of the dealers in Buck's stoves had my "heartly approval." I do not recall that I ever expressed or even mentally assumed such an attitude. On looking over the article on "The Morality of Labor Unions," which I had the honor to contribute to the "Catholic Encyclopedia," I find this statement: "In practice, the secondary boycott is immoral, except in extreme cases." So far as I can recollect, this has been my conviction ever since I first gave the subject serious attention. Possibly Mr. Neacy applied to the Buck case some remarks which I made on boycotting in an address which he heard me deliver in Milwaukee several years ago. If so he certainly misunderstood me; for I am confident that I did not express approval of that particular boycott. One incident of that occasion I do recall clearly and with considerable satisfaction; it was Mr. Neacy's assurance to me, after the lecture, that I was "the sanest of all the labor defenders."

He finds fault with my book, "A Living Wage," because it did not exhort workingmen to give "an honest day's work for a fair day's pay." But I saw no reason to emphasize the obvious. Besides, the subject of that volume was not the rights and duties of labor, but the right of labor to a living wage. In 1906 this right was so far from obvious to the majority of employers, and to a large section of persons who are neither employers nor employees, that it seemed to demand my entire attention.

If Mr. Neacy thinks that I regard labor as always in the right and capital as always in the wrong, he is much mistaken. I am under no such illusion; for I realize that laborers have about

the same kind of human nature as capitalists. The offenses of the two classes differ because of different circumstances. Mr. Neacy sees so vividly the crimes of loafing and violence committed by labor that his vision reflects only dimly, if at all, the crimes of sweating and extortion which lie at the door of capital. If I have given more attention to the sins of capital, it is because I have felt that they were on the whole more grievous and more injurious to helpless human beings than the sins of labor. If I have devoted most of my energies to the rights and welfare of labor, it is because these represent the weaker and more needy class. Pope Leo XIII declared that the poor and helpless have claims to special consideration from the State, because they "have no resources of their own to fall back upon, whereas the richer class have many ways of shielding themselves."

The attitude of opposition to labor unions and to collective bargaining, to which Mr. Neacy still clings, has become almost antiquated among respectable employers. In this connection I would invite his calm and prayerful attention to the principles and recommendations adopted a few weeks ago by President Wilson's Labor Program Board. The six employer members united with the six labor members and with Messrs. Taft and Walsh in unanimous approval of the right of labor to organize and to bargain collectively. The world moves.

Washington, D. C.

JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

Irish Death-Rate

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The interesting article by Dr. O'Malley on the above subject, in your issue of April 6, omits one feature which, if known, might alter greatly the significance of the figures quoted, that is, the average ages of the populations compared. May not the higher Irish death-rate be due to age rather than to nationality? Dr. O'Malley tells us that the Irish, instead of being the most numerous among the nations represented, as they once were, are now in the fifth place. It is a fair inference that as the present-day New York Irish are mainly a remnant of the immigrants of long ago they must have on the average, a much higher age than the Jews and Italians, who are for the most part, recent arrivals.

The death-rate shown by the American table of mortality at the age of 55 years, is over 18 per thousand, while at the age of 35 it is less than 9 per thousand. If the average age of the Irish population of New York is, let us say, 20 years greater than that of the Jews or Italians, it follows that there must be a correspondingly higher rate of mortality in the former group, even though there may be present also, less ability to resist disease. If the comparative figures could be shown, age by age, or even for groups of ages it would probably be found that the variations on account of nationality would tend to disappear.

Montreal.

M. R.

Prohibition, the Constitution, the Mass

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Father Kenny's article, "Prohibition, the Constitution and the Mass," cannot fail to inspire amazement in every reader of your magazine who is a lawyer. Its effect will be harmful, as it will lull into security those who should be vigilant. Let me reiterate, what other lawyers have already asserted in your pages, that this is a matter over which the States have complete control, and that the State legislatures should be watched and enlightened. Of course, this statement must be qualified by a reference to Mr. Elder's able article on the Oklahoma Enabling act, but even this is an open question.

There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States that protects the individual's religious freedom as against the adverse action of the States. The first amendment reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion,

or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." There is not a shadow of authority for the opinion that the Fourteenth Amendment offers any guarantee in this regard. Father Kenny's reference to the famous Northwest Ordinance of 1787 is surprising, in view of the fact that the Supreme Court of the United States has held that the provisions of this Ordinance cease to operate in any territory within its purview when such territory is created into a State (*Pernoli v. Municipality*, 3 How., 589). See also *Strader v. Graham*, 10 How., 82, which holds that as to Kentucky this ordinance was superseded by the adoption of the United States Constitution.

This whole question should be settled not by philosophic speculation, but by actual reference to the decisions of our highest judicial tribunals. Any impartial person, who takes the trouble to spend half an hour in such an investigation, will quickly discover that reliance on Federal questions in this matter is indeed leaning on broken reeds. So, please let us have no more talk of outworn theories of State rights and the like, unless such statements are buttressed by reference to authority more substantial than mere conjecture. And, by the way, if theological questions are to be left to theologians, to whom should legal questions be entrusted?

Tulsa, Okla.

HORACE H. HAGAN.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A great deal is being said and written for and against prohibition. Extremists among Catholics and non-Catholics alike fairly revel in it. But there is a good deal of sanity among the people at large; the great majorities given to the anti-saloon issue at the polls are surely not altogether due to voters "with a yellow streak." The saloon is decidedly not the worst evil afflicting society. Yet, a wife with a drunken husband; a young man or woman whose father or brother is a confirmed tippler, making home a hell on earth, will invariably vote against the American licensed saloon as it exists today. So will every employer who finds that life and property are jeopardized by it. So will many men who themselves drink moderately.

That is the ultimate fact to face, and under present circumstances it is evident that all theorizing about the dangers of prohibition and the curtailment of our liberties fails to convince a large body of voters. The most rousing sermons on personal temperance and individual reform make little or no impression on the confirmed drunkard as long as the ever-present temptation of the wide-open saloon is there. Amongst boon companions, away from home and its safeguards, he quickly imbibes to excess. The saloon must be wiped out; such is the emphatic verdict of an immense number of Americans whose ballot makes, law.

In enacting these drastic measures little heed is paid at present to the ultimate consequences of prohibition, and thus it has come about that our rights as Catholics are endangered, and very seriously so. From liberty run riot the pendulum is swinging back to unmitigated tyranny. In this connection it would be interesting to speculate on how we have heeded the authoritative warning of the Third Baltimore Council anent saloons and their keepers, and in how far our compliance or neglect in this matter is responsible for our present plight. But space is wanting. An appeal to patriotism to help in the conservation of grain urgently needed for food here and abroad, is an effective and plausible prohibitionist argument at present. It does not hold good, however, when applied to the manufacture of wine, even for beverage purposes.

No question is solved until it is solved rightly, and stringent statutory prohibition of all alcoholic products for whatever use intended is certainly not the right solution. When some of the fanaticism, now rampant, has abated, as seems inevitable, perhaps we may hope that a new conception of the whole liquor question will issue from the seething caldron of arguments,

theories, opinions and laws that are fairly swamping us. The broad-minded, clear-visioned man who can view dispassionately both sides of this tangled and passionate problem, and get his sane ideas enacted into law, will confer an inestimable boon upon the country, whether it be at peace or war.

Moline, Ill.

J. B. CULEMANS.

Advertising in Socialist Newspapers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Recently I noticed that a prominent Catholic had contracted for considerable space in a Socialist newspaper, to advertise his business. We have been led to believe that this paper was the antithesis of all that Catholics hold dear, an anti-religious, unpatriotic, radical, discontent-breeding sheet. If it is true that most papers subsist mainly on the revenue they get from their advertising, is it right for our people to finance such publications?

Viewed from a strictly business standpoint, would it not seem that as against the few radicals thus catered to, there are thousands of readers of influential magazines like *AMERICA* who might feel slighted at our Catholic friend's choice of an advertising medium? If a dollar is to be spent where it will do the most good, I should imagine it would produce better business results, and incomparably better results for God, our Church and our country in the advertising columns of *AMERICA* than in any Socialist paper.

"Down with capitalists!" the Socialists say, and they get a capitalist's money. "Down with religion!" and a good Catholic helps pay for the paper? "Down with the Government!" and a loyal American's name stands there right alongside. Our friend's advertising manager is not doing him justice.

Brooklyn.

S. V. D.

Reasonable Criticisms

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In several recent articles in *AMERICA* on "Teach Them What to Read," some comment has been offered relative to the reluctance of Catholics in general to criticize the teaching done in the Catholic schools. Some further comment might well be added concerning the reluctance of teachers, and others directly connected with these schools, to consider criticism when it is offered. I know an instance where a convent graduate later complained to the directress of that convent about the defects in teaching the correct pronunciation of English in that school. The directress, instead of giving consideration to the criticism, told the young lady rather tartly that she should have attended some other school. The criticism offered was purely constructive, the inference being that the teachers and students might profit by consulting recognized authorities on English.

In another instance, a non-Catholic superintendent of public schools called the attention of the local pastor to the fact that, in the parochial school, the teaching was done too exclusively along the lines of requiring the pupils to memorize the printed page and then to recite, by the question-and-answer method, the page thus memorized. The pastor, instead of considering the justice of the criticism, swept the matter aside with the statement that the superintendent was prejudiced. Now, I happen to know the superintendent in question and I am positive that he was in no sense prejudiced. He was simply able to recognize the defect in the children as they came from the parochial school into the higher grades of the public schools; and he felt justified in offering this criticism, because he had to deal with this defect in these children. Furthermore, he was offering a criticism that any qualified educator might offer against a faulty method used in any school. The superintendent of those schools was right and yet the pastor of the parochial school was not willing to see anything in the criticism but prejudice.

These are only illustrative examples. This seems to be the common attitude, as I have witnessed it, among the teachers and those directly connected with the Catholic schools. Yet it is difficult to understand why this should be. If there are defects in the Catholic schools, as there are, and sometimes glaring ones, why should they not be recognized? And why should not those qualified to criticize, offer criticism where it is due, and why should not this criticism be accepted and turned to the profit of the schools?

Lawrenceburg, Ind.

M. N. A.

Patriotism and the "Menace"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am enclosing a copy of a letter recently sent to the *Menace* by former Supreme Court Justice, Arthur E. Sutherland, who retired from the bench a short time ago to devote his time and splendid talents to the practice of law and is now associated with Mr. Eugene J. Dwyer, a prominent Catholic attorney:

April 6th, 1918.

Proprietor of the "Menace,"

Aurora, Missouri.

Sir:—I received this morning through the mail a copy of your paper called the *Menace*, addressed to me at my residence, 105 Bellevue Drive, Rochester, N. Y. On previous occasions, copies have been sent to me and I have written your office requesting that no further copies be mailed to me or to my house. I regard the purpose and character of your paper as destructive of the American spirit which just now must be maintained free from such attack as you make in order that we may do our part in the war.

In this community there is no difference between Catholic and non-Catholic. All are working and sacrificing for our common country. Catholic and non-Catholic boys are in the trenches side by side. In every movement here for the advance of our cause, the Catholic Bishop of Rochester is a heroic leader. His priests are patriots and the people of his Church are doing their bit with as unselfish and devoted a spirit of patriotism as the people of any other religious faith.

At such a time and with such conditions to have some poisonous, damnable propaganda, such as you print, sent to American citizens, who are working side by side in whole-hearted unity for our country's cause, constitutes a real menace. Your paper is rightly named. If more copies of your paper are sent to my house, I shall make a public protest. Such doctrines as you preach belong to a past age of ignorance and bigotry. Your enterprise ought to be suppressed as an insidious and ominous danger to this country in its hour of peril.

ARTHUR E. SUTHERLAND.

This forceful and fearless letter, instinct with the best American traditions and true love of country, aside from its interest to the readers of AMERICA, is an object-lesson for all those who are subjected to similar annoyance and insult.

Rochester.

J. F. O'HERN.

The "New Age" and the Church

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The *New Age*, the organ of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite Freemasons, continues to manifest hostility to the Catholic Church. The March number shows Emilio Aguinaldo, the leader of the Katipunan revolution against Spain in the Philippines, as a 32d degree Mason. It has a malignant article on "Rizal Social Cancer—the Union of Church and State in the Philippines." It quotes, editorially, with full approval, an article from the Methodist *Christian Advocate*, attributing the retreat of the Italian army to "the direct pro-Austrian and premature peace propaganda which emanates from the Vatican." The only aim of the Holy See, according to this article,

has been to put up a pious show of neutrality, while slyly maneuvering to save Austria, to establish Roman rule in the separated churches of the Balkan States, to reach out its crook into Russia to gather in any fragments of the Greek Catholic Church which the political revolution might detach, and to seize the protectorate of the Holy Places in

Palestine, which British arms have wrested from the Turk. This is Rome, never-changing Rome. It is this against which we, the *Methodist Advocate*, and all liberty-loving people the world over, do cry.

The *New Age* accepts all this falsehood, and adds that it has independent sources of information in Italy and that its information tallies in all respects with the *Christian Advocate's*. The *New Age's* own correspondent writes that General Cadorna had as his nearest officer a man who was "under the control of the Jesuits," that it must not be forgotten that the present General of the Jesuits is a German, that he has removed to Switzerland, "and that thereby the Pope enjoys the benefit of secret correspondence;" that Cadorna made "the mistake of placing the priests in the army, in the hospitals, in the Red Cross, and elsewhere," and that in these priests the Jesuits had many eyes and ears.

Under the heading, "Bold and Extravagant Claims," the *New Age* prints a letter from Mr. Herbert M. Greene, 33d degree, to the Hon. Morris Sheppard, 32d degree, Senator from Texas, calling attention to the *Literary Digest* of January 5, 1918, which contains an article by Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, alleging that "American Catholics have furnished over one-third of the American army, though adherents of the Catholic Church constitute but one-sixth of the population." Mr. Greene asked the Senator to find out the denominational standing of the men in the army and navy, as shown by the official records. Mr. Josephus Daniels, on January 24, 1918, wrote to the Senator that "no record is kept of the religious affiliations of the personnel of the Navy." Adjutant General H. P. McCain informed the Senator on January 23, that

the records of this Department do not as yet show the religious beliefs of the men who have entered the military service, and, consequently, no comparative statement of the number of men in service of the various religious persuasions has been or can be made by the Department. However, the statistical sections in the various camps are compiling all useful information (including denominational statistics) relating to the soldiers, but that data has not yet been received in this Department.

Then says the *New Age*:

The question forces itself to the front: Why are Roman Catholic chaplains being appointed to the Army in the proportion of thirty-seven per cent., or over one-third? Is it because officialdom has been made to believe the extravagant claims, boldly made by Romish priests and papers, that thirty, forty, and even a greater per cent. of the Army and Navy are of their faith?

It then states that Sergeant George C. Adriance is responsible for the statement that of the 353d All-Kansas Regiment of the 89th Division, 884 are Methodists, 413 Catholics, 381 Christians, 252 Presbyterians, 242 Baptists, 190 Lutherans, 149 are Congregationalist, Episcopalian and United Brethren, 16 other denominations are "represented by a few," 91 profess no religion and 5 are atheists. The *New Age* goes on to say that at Camp Lee, containing 48,000 men, only 5,307 are Catholics, and that at Kelly Field in Texas, the Methodists lead with 1,630, and the Catholics come next with 1,625. From its statistics concerning these three selected places, the *New Age* concludes:

So you see, brethren, in making these extravagant statements, the Rev. James H. McMahon, and other priests and Jesuits, members of the Roman Hierarchy, are, as is usual with them, talking through their hats.

William M. James, 32d degree, of Panama, R. P., writes that the Masons in Costa Rica and Guatemala "work even in the face of jail sentences, social ostracism, and all the power and influence that a bigoted and self-sufficient priesthood can bring against them." If the Freemasons are not made anti-Catholics, it will not be the fault of the *New Age*.

Washington, D. C.

K. R. C. L.

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May and Mary

DURING the month of May from every part of the known world there will rise to the white throne of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven a grand chorus of praise and of thanksgiving in fulfilment of her own beautiful prophecy: "From henceforth all nations shall call me blessed." With sublime disdain for the vagaries of philosophers, the protests of rationalists, the aberrations of Modernists and the indignation of certain sects of Protestants, the great body of Catholics, learned and ignorant, priests and people, in the shell-swept regions of war and the pleasant places of peace, will be united in magnifying the Mother of God and the Mother of men, because He that is mighty has done great things to her, and she who is exalted has shown loving kindness to them.

They may not be fully conscious of all the dogmatic connotations of Mary's place in the Divine economy of man's redemption and salvation, but with a surety which makes the sense of the united Faithful like an echo of the truth of God, they are certain that to her who was gifted with the Divine maternity there is due a reverence far greater than the honor paid to angels and to saints and only less than the worship rendered to God alone.

Their realization of the Scriptural warrant of their belief and attitude, which runs like a golden thread through the word of God, beginning with the book of Genesis and culminating in the Apocalypse, may be somewhat vague and misty, their acquaintance with the teaching of tradition, clear and unmistakable even in the time of ante-Nicene Fathers, and growing with the later Fathers and doctors and theologians until today it has reached the fulness of the flood tide of glory, may not be very extensive, but for the simplest Catholic heart it is enough to know that honor to God's Mother is honor to God Himself, that it is an insult to Christ to deny reverence to her

from whom he deigned to take His Sacred Heart, that it is consonant with the demands of reason to pay court to the woman of marvelous dignity who out of all God's creatures was selected by infinite purity to clothe the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity with her own untainted, regal flesh and blood.

Devotion to Mary, not the distorted, unreal and false devotion, condemned by ignorance, that hideous offspring of the reformers, but the true, solid and unexaggerated devotion practised by Catholics and non-Catholics whose heart is right with reason and with God, has the fullest and most emphatic approval of the Church. It is one of the most consoling, most appealing and most meritorious portions of our Christian heritage.

Forward in Death

IT was somewhere in France on the frontier of civilization and the ramparts of freedom. The French poilus were waiting for the order to attack. At his lookout in the trenches, his eyes peering into the darkness, a French officer kept his watch. He was not by profession a fighting man. When the bugles of war had sounded, he had left the seminary where he was preparing for the priesthood and answered the call which his invaded motherland was sending out to all her sons. He had exchanged a Jesuit's black robe for the blue uniform of the soldiers of France. As a Jesuit he had learned to obey. As an officer he knew how to command. He had the love, the confidence of his men. He was as gentle as he was brave. No sacerdotal unction had as yet been poured upon his hands, but the halo of the priesthood for which his soul longed, seemed to encircle his brow. He might not celebrate the Sacrifice of the Mass for his men or absolve them of their sins as they charged over the top, but every word he spoke, every gallant deed he performed flashed the lessons of faith, of duty and heroism into their souls.

Calmly at his post the Jesuit officer waited for orders. Down the line rang the command which the men of France ever welcome with a cheer. "Forward," cried their leader, and his right arm pointing to the German trenches, he leaped from his dugout at the head of his men. That instant he fell shot through the heart, his face to the foe, his right arm still raised in its sublime gesture of command. For a long time his body lay on that blood-stained field, and when the smoke of battle had disappeared and the French came to bury their heroic dead, they found the Jesuit soldier still facing the enemy, his right arm stiffened in death in its gesture of leadership and sacrifice. When his brothers in arms tried to lower that knightly arm for burial, they could not change its sublime and martial attitude. In that attitude they buried the Jesuit in his soldier's grave. Hand still raised in death he still faces the foe. Dead, he seems even now to fling out his battle cry: "Forward."

Victorious France will build monuments and statues to her blue-coated heroes. The world will kneel in reverence

at these shrines of heroism. And when the traveler in later days will cross the fields of the Marne or the heights of Verdun a voice from the grave will seem to whisper in his ears: *Sta, viator, heroem calcas*: "Pause, wayfarer, thou treadest on a hero's grave." For the men who saved civilization are resting there in the last bivouac of the immortal dead.

Among the noblest of her national monuments France will keep an honored place for her soldier-priests, for the men who, destined for the altar, left the peace of village church and cathedral aisles and the solitude and calm of scholastic studies for the red murk of battle, the living death of the trenches, the roar of the bursting shell. The sculptor need not go far to seek his model. He has it in the figure of the Jesuit officer lying stiff and cold in death, his crucifix clasped in one hand and the other raised in its high gesture of command, his lips quivering with its heroic word, "Forward." The priests of France never had any other watchword. "Forward for Christ! Forward for France." On a hundred battlefields, to thousands of defenders of France and liberty they have sounded that martial call. Religion and patriotism! For these they have fought and bled and died. Their sacrifice has been a revelation, a lesson to the world. Before it we feel humbled. In the presence of such heroism we realize how puny are our sacrifices. But that heroism thrills and exalts. There is a holy contagion in it for France and the world. Both instinctively admire and will sooner or later follow the teaching and the example of men who know how to die for their ideals and their Faith.

The Small Farmer

THE one essential class of workers, as an editorial writer in a New York daily recently remarked, are the farmers. Civilization can exist without bankers, brokers and lawyers. It is even possible without minutely specialized trades and organized schools. A civilization of no mean degree existed in the early manorial days when each family-group produced all that it consumed, constructed the roof under which it dwelled, and spun from the wool of its flocks the garments that it wore. Even in our own time all human subsistence, as Pope Leo XIII wisely said, "is derived either from labor on one's own land, or from some industry which is paid for either in the produce of the land itself or in that which is exchanged for what the land brings forth."

Self-preservation, therefore, if no other reason, should urge a nation to consider first and foremost the interest of its farming population. This becomes more imperative, the more a nation increases in the development of its cities and the expansion of its industries. We are all familiar with the famous "Hooverism" that "Food will win the war."

But the farming problem is far more than a war question. It looms equally large in times of peace. It is only the clatter of machinery, the endless whirl of revolving wheels, the cry of poverty and distress within the city

streets and the constant stirrings of social unrest that can cause the city-bred economist to overlook the larger issues to be worked out upon the land.

The class of small farmers is the strength and support of the nation. Among them can still be found that economic independence of which industrialism has deprived so large a proportion of the city population. But to protect this class organized assistance must be given and organized protection extended. Above all we must teach the farmers themselves to organize if they would secure their rights and have their interests duly consulted in our legislatures. Nothing is truer than the statement, shrewdly made in a Hearst paper, that there are just two things that operate decisively upon the intelligence and the conduct of the average politician: "One is the secret whisper of the cunning corporation agent. The other is the power of a majority of the voters, massed in active organization, resolutely bent upon having their will performed."

But organization of our farmers is equally necessary for direct economic purposes. The invention of machinery has made cooperation among farmers imperative. "The factory type of estate will dominate in agricultural production unless signs fail," was the forecast made by a writer in the *American Journal of Sociology*. We should not permit this to come about. The independence of the small farmer must be preserved and can be preserved. He must not be absorbed into a system which will reproduce upon the farm the conditions existing in factory life. Yet there is but one means to prevent such a catastrophe, and that is organization on the part of our farmers, not merely to obtain the political representation to which they are entitled, but likewise to enable them to work cooperatively. It is thus alone that they can avail themselves, equally with the large capitalist, of the enormous and expensive agricultural machinery, with its time-saving and man-saving devices. Buying, stockshipping, conducting of warehouses and elevators, and countless other branches of business can then be carried on through independent farmers' unions. Cooperation through organization is the economic solution, if not of all, at least of many of our farming problems.

Every Child a Warrior

THE 23,000,000 children in the United States have been called to the colors. Every boy and girl in the land has been enlisted to help America and the Allies win the war. For each child is urged to make himself a deputy food administrator who will prevent so much waste and save so much food in the home that there will be left no lack of supplies for the support of the soldiers in the field. Every young American who intelligently promotes this conservation campaign is a valiant little warrior and can justly claim a share in the glory that will be ours when the Kaiser's power is broken and his armies overthrown. To hasten the coming of that hour of victory Mr. Hoover asks each of the 23,000,000 children in the country to save every day half a slice of

meat, two teaspoonfuls of butter or fat, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and two slices of white bread. In this way the boys and girls of America will be able to offer our soldiers and the Allies a large portion of the food needed for their support while fighting for victory. Therefore, every American child who practises at each meal an act of self-denial that will help conserve our food supply is an ardent patriot who is doing his part to strengthen the Allied lines in France and Flanders.

Though these generous sacrifices of the children will doubtless do much to rid the world forever of the demon of militarism, our young warriors have another thing to do which is quite as important as self-denial, and that is to pray. If all the boys and girls in the land would lift up every day pure hearts to God and beg Him to bring this dreadful war to an end very soon by granting to the Allied armies a decisive victory on the western front, our merciful Father in Heaven surely could not long resist the united appeal of His children. For it would seem that the world cannot be freed from the scourge of Prussian militarism till our armies at the front are reinforced here at home by their strongest reserves, the prayer and fasting of the innocent.

A Fighting Church

BEFORE the present war began the press was much given to praising for his "fearless independence of judgment," or his "courageous spirit of inquiry" every "liberal" or "enlightened" Catholic who chanced to confide to the sympathetic Protestant public just how unsupportable he had always found the yoke of his intransigent, obscurantist Church. In all the quarrels between the Modernistic Catholic and his hopelessly medieval mother, in the opinion of the secular press, the Church of the Ages was generally in the wrong, while her rebellious son was almost invariably right. Since the summer of 1914, however, we have heard much less than before from the Church's critics regarding the unreasonableness of her dogmas, the rigor of her discipline, the tyranny of the Index, the narrowness of the Roman Congregations, etc. For the drastic measures taken by all the belligerents to stimulate loyalty, root out treason, improve morale, have perhaps taught the more thoughtful enemies of the Church that her age-old policy is not so absurdly unreasonable after all.

In this connection Father Hull, in an excellent paper on "The Liberal Catholic," published in the current *Catholic Mind*, offers those who are restive under the restrictions Catholicism lays on them, the following striking analogy between the Church and the army:

In this large national concern [the army] we find men of every rank and every qualification, of every higher and lower grade, of every temperament and variety of opinion taking their part, and on the whole trying to do their best according to their lights. Among even the officials themselves there will always exist divergences of view calling for compromise. Among the subordinates there will also exist divergencies of view: "Quot

homines tot sententiae." Some of the subordinates may really be gifted with better insight than those above them; while some of them may be altogether wrong. To run the concern on democratic lines is altogether unworkable. We have to accept the whole system as it stands, cultivate a general spirit of confidence in those who have the responsibility, and accept the result as the only working possibility. If there happens to be something wrong in the administration, we can hope and trust that sooner or later it will be found out and things will adjust themselves. In this spirit we must throw ourselves into a situation over which we have no control, take it cheerfully, the thick with the thin, and make the best of it.

This altogether human way of looking at things can to some extent at least be applied to the administration of the Church. Not every enactment of the Holy See pleases everybody. Some Catholics in Italy did not like the uncompromising attitude of Pius IX over the loss of the Papal States. Some Catholics in France did not like Leo XIII's compromising attitude towards the Republic. Some did not like the proposal to define the Pope's infallibility at least on grounds of prudence. Some did not like what they considered the aggressiveness of the Syllabus, while others hailed it with delight. Some did not like the condemnation of English Freemasonry, and so on. Coming to our own times, some perhaps may not like the decrees of the Biblical Commission; some perhaps may not like the new Breviary, etc., etc. It is all very human and natural. But we must put aside these personal predilections and take a broader outlook. We are not called upon to extend the prerogative of infallibility to the practical administration of the Church outside *ex cathedra* definitions, which are few and far between. We are free to recognize that the Church, though Divine in its origin and constitution, is human in its working agency. But we must at least cultivate a general attitude of confidence in the actual rulership, and accept it as an accomplished fact with loyal submission and cheerful co-operation, confident that at least on the whole it is what God Almighty in His Providence wants and is satisfied with. We must put aside all solicitude about concerns over which we have no control, and, taking the situation as it is, console ourselves with the thought that after all, whatever our particular views may be, the presumption is that those who are responsible for the management of the Church are probably much better "in the know" than we are. And even if they are not, our fussing about it will not mend matters but rather make them worse.

The larger portion of the civilized world is now practically a vast army, and every man, woman and child in each warring nation is a soldier who must submit to restrictions and make sacrifices that in times of peace would be quite intolerable. But the Catholic Church is a fighting, conquering nation that is always at war with her three relentless enemies, the allurements of the world, the wiles of Satan and the concupiscence of the flesh. The severe war-measures that each of the belligerents is now imposing only temporarily on her soldiers and civilians, the Church whose warfare will last till the day of Judgment, lays on her children permanently, and just as in time of war the State sternly represses "liberty of speech," curtails the "liberty of the press," and severely punishes disobedience and treason, in like manner the Church, whose warfare is continual and unremitting, strictly forbids her children to give the enemy any aid and comfort whatever but urges them to be loyal to their Divine Captain and fight valiantly for the triumph of His cause, the freedom and exaltation of the Church.

"The Home Service"

THE call and opportunity for personal devotion to social service is today clamorous and insistent as perhaps never before. The war has brought in its ubiquitous train so much disorganization in the domestic life of those who, even under the best conditions, found it difficult to cope with the struggle for existence, that a form of civilian relief, long practised unobtrusively in time of peace, has with our entrance into the struggle assumed far greater prominence and importance. This work is under the direction of the Home Service Section of the American Red Cross and deserves the hearty cooperation of all patriotic men and women who have leisure to devote to it. It makes its appeal principally to women of intelligence and education, and gives them an opportunity for translating their love of country from the sphere of poetic aspiration into that of grim reality. Volunteers in every part of the country are needed, Catholics as well as others, irrespective of religious beliefs.

The Home Service has for its field of operation, as its name indicates, the homes of poor families, and concerns itself with almost every phase of domestic assistance. Visiting persons who apply for help, discrimination between worthy and unworthy cases, study of individual problems with a view to affording each the aid which is most advisable, personal sympathy and interest which take off the chill of mere philanthropy, obtaining employment for those out of work, procuring expert nursing and medical advice for those who are ill, enabling children to go to school, advising mothers on the solution of difficulties, and securing legal and financial assistance where that is imperative—these are some of the forms of activity taken by this very laudable and necessary kind of war work, whose name is charity. That it has for its object the alleviation of the needs of the families of the heroic men who have already gone, or who will soon go, to the front stamps it unmistakably as unselfish, sensible, inspiring and practical patriotism.

Strange to say, however, Catholic women have not yet

taken as active share in the Home Service as might rightly have been expected. The consequence has been that Catholic interests have suffered, not indeed from any bigotry or prejudice on the part of the higher officers, but through the narrowness of underlings, for here, too, as elsewhere a great cause is damaged by the littleness of petty officials. A very large proportion of the would-be beneficiaries are Catholics, but Catholics form a very small proportion of those charged with dispensing the benefits. This anomalous situation is due merely to the fact that Catholics have held aloof from the work and, whether from ignorance or some other motive, have failed to respond to the invitations cordially extended them by the local boards. If many women of our Faith are not actively engaged in the Home Service, it is not because they are excluded by the Red Cross, for their participation is earnestly solicited, but because, for some reason or other best known to themselves, they have neglected to ally themselves with the work.

In the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx of New York City, especially, their absence has been keenly felt and deeply regretted, though in both places there are large numbers of graduates and undergraduates of academies and colleges, whose training, means and leisure fit them admirably to be active and efficient workers. Is their interest in social service merely academic? To say so would be a libel on our Catholic womanhood. It must be they are ignorant that this opportunity of "doing their bit" for their country is ready at hand, both in the great metropolis and elsewhere. Once they know of it, they will embrace it with the zeal and sympathy characteristic of their Catholic hearts. Applications made to Mr. Alexander Wilson, at 44 East Twenty-third Street, New York City, will elicit information for any one who seeks it. A great deal of work is to be done during the coming summer, and it is hoped that the generous response of our Catholic boys to the call to the colors will find its counterpart in an equally generous response, on the part of their Catholic sisters, to the call of the Home Service.

Literature

LETTERS WE NEVER GET

WITH the general run of mankind letter-writing has become so largely a matter of business only, that "Dear Sir: Yours received and contents noted," might be taken as the epistolary formula of the day. In consequence, if a letter is supposed to be a warm, personal thing, the average modern letter is about as warm and personal as a nice, friendly skeleton. What with the telephone and the capsule night-letter and the typewriter and the dictaphone, the old, rambling, chatty letter with which our ancestors compensated themselves for the absence of the "movies" is no longer met by the postman in his round through the town. Anyway, that official is too busy delivering magazines and form-letters to be bothered with the bulky personal correspondence of long ago.

Yet, lest letter-writing should become forever a lost art, it is carried on for us in the current fiction. I have been studying with keenest appreciation the letters exchanged by fictional

characters, and I can confidently affirm that so long as the writers of the short-story and novel occasionally resort to the letter-form, the art of correspondence shall not perish from the earth.

Suppose, for example, that a son in a great city is writing to the mother he left behind him. Sons, you know, are notorious letter-writers; in fact, like this particular son out of a novel, when away from home they always write their mothers every day. "Mumsie, wumsie:" he begins. The reader at once notices the delightful intimacy of their relationship, an intimacy, withal, tinged with the fine courtesy and high regard of well-bred persons. "Having a ripping time," he goes on, "except for your beastly relations. Why did you insist on my hunting them up? Ducks and drakes, the lot of them! So unlike the dearest, ugliest, most conceited old Mother this side of Mars. Picked up a rare old necklace the other day, just off Fifth Avenue; hope you'll like it. I'm sending it to you C.O.D. Met a bully girl; she sings in a cabaret, but sweet and unspoiled as lace packed

in lavender. There, there, grumpy old prude, don't worry. I've not married her yet. Give Towser a kiss on his cold nose for me." What mother receiving such a letter could fail to fling herself upon her knees and bless the dear, respectful son of her old age? What an admirable model it is for any youth whose love for his mother has not grown cold by too much exposure to the night air.

Or take the dashing heroine who rushes off to the seashore for the summer months. Does she fill her days with boating, swimming, tennis and dancing, like the normal maiden in real life? Not she! She seats herself in some quiet nook, with a pad on her knee and a fountain-pen dripping purple ink, and writes long letters to her absent girl-chum. Day by day, hour by hour, she lays forth her soul's budding affection as frankly as she would lay forth for her friend's inspection her closet of new gowns. She writes volumes, serial stories in fact, interspersed with such chapter headings as "Later," "Midnight," "The Next Day," "Afterwards." Now, what is more natural for a young lady worn out by a strenuous day at her tablets than to seat herself at the midnight hour and write 2,000 words, at ten cents a word, to her absent friend? Thousands of young ladies, of course, do just that. And what is more natural than for her toward the end of the summer—about page 303—to slip the wrong letter into the wrong envelope, thus turning a love affair which is dying of writer's cramp into a joyous rice and white-lawn wedding?

Then there is the letter from the irate father to his wayward son, every stroke of the pen heavy enough to make the desk beneath him quiver, every sentence bristling with his vigorous, dominant personality. "Don't be a fool!" he always begins, and we can see the very ink turn pale as he flings it across the paper. "I've stood for your poppy-cock [favorite word with irate fathers] long enough. Come back and give up this girl, or stay where you are and starve." How masterful he is! Does not his letter thrill one with its display of virility? But as for the son, strangely enough, threatening letters pass him by like the idle wind which he respects not. He marries the maiden, exchanges a page and a half of crisp, choppy telegrams with his father, and ends when the sire turns over the business and the family acres to his unbluffable boy.

Fictional letters generally fall into two grand divisions, very short and very long. The shorter the better; and if not the shorter, then certainly the longer. The first must be brisk, snappy, suggestive. Thus:

"Dearest Mumps:

"You're a dear old goose.

"Lovingly,

"Bacteria."

A letter like that must be as refreshing as a glass of ice-water flung in one's face; as full of meaning as an epigram in Spanish, supposing one not to know Spanish. And what a chance it gives the recipient to read between the lines!

The longer letter is usually the product of a very, very busy person. He may be a businessman who, after long hours in his office, always writes letters until the morning paper arrives to divert his attention. Your baseball player is another prodigious letter-writer, for his education has been of precisely the type to develop a tireless correspondent. Or the traveler after a weary day on the road and with the prospect of a mountain climb ahead of him, pauses, as it were, in midleap to write a short novelette to his friends at home. These letters are, to say the least, ample. A saving man shudders to think of the stamps needed to bear them safely to their bourn. They cover the ground with the thoroughness of a cub reporter on his first divorce case; they go in for the fine points of the game, illustrating with incidents from history, personal, national, or universal; they drop into dialogue, repeating verbatim long conversations in dialect; in fact, when we reach the "Sincerely

yours," we feel convinced that if the writer has omitted anything, he clearly never heard of it. We glance at our wrist watch; one hour has been consumed in reading it.

Yes, life always has its compensations. Though those at home may content themselves with a brief catalogue of family ailments, and absent friends may insult us with picture-postcards, the reader of fiction knows that somewhere in this world men and women are specializing in the art of correspondence. Somewhere, clever, interesting, humorous, pathetic, "chummy," personal letters are being composed which will delight the hearts of their recipients and cause a perceptible bulge in the United States postal receipts. For is not fiction, after all, simply the mirror held up to life?

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

REVIEWS

The High Romance: a Spiritual Autobiography. By MICHAEL WILLIAMS. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.60.

Mr. Williams needs no introduction to the readers of AMERICA. All who have enjoyed his contributions to our pages will doubtless be eager to see this remarkable book, the "Spiritual Autobiography" of a journalist who though baptized a Catholic, gave up the practice of his religion while still a boy, lost his faith, and after twenty years of wandering among nearly all the "isms," was led back to the Church by no less a guide than Sister Teresa, "the Little Flower." The first half of the volume describes the author's childhood at Halifax, the years of his youth he passed there as a warehouse clerk, his subsequent stay in Boston as the drudge of a five-cent store, his early literary flights, thirst for the beautiful, loss of health, his adventures in San Francisco, first as a reporter and later as a city editor during the great earthquake and fire, his experiences as a member of Upton Sinclair's Socialist community at Heli-con Hall, and finally his "dark night of the soul" when "art" and self-indulgence seemed to be the only things in life really worth while. All through the author's personal narrative run fine bits of description, criticism, reflection, epigram and prose-poetry, but this mosaic-work often impairs the unity and order of the book and sometimes wearies and distracts the mind of the reader.

But in the second part of the volume, which is appropriately entitled "The Homeward Way," the author's story advances more smoothly, and holds more closely the reader's attention. Combined with passages of merciless self-analysis, and of keen discernment of our country's neo-pagan tendencies, is an admirable study of the process of conversion as the author observed it in his own soul, and an excellent piece of apologetics that will doubtless bring the Church's claims before numberless inquirers. For that interest in "mysticism," which is now so widespread will lead many readers to begin "The High Romance" and a good part of them will probably lay it down with the conviction, or at least the strong suspicion, that the only safe and true mysticism in the world today is that taught by the Catholic Church and practised by her children. For the author's account of his interviews with the Bishop and their effect, of the wonders that followed his first call at the Carmelite monastery, of the way "Sister Teresa confirmed her favor" by curing Antonio's baby, of the remarkable restoration of bodily and spiritual strength Mr. Williams has enjoyed since the day his lost faith returned, all read like a "A High Romance" indeed. But no one who reflects how hard it must have been for the author to put down about himself many of the things the general public may read in this book can entertain any doubt regarding Mr. Williams's sincerity. "But because my story has such a happy ending," he concludes, "I kept it from the fire, and I sent it forth as an act of faith."

W. D.

Songs of the Celtic Past. By NONNEYS JEPHSON O'CONNOR. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.50.

Irish Lyrics and Ballads. By Rev. JAMES B. DOLLARD, Litt.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy. \$1.35.

Irishmen are often charged with being dwellers in the past, harborers of old grievances, "dreamers of dreams wandering by lone sea-breakers" or like Wordsworth's solitary reaper "singing of old unhappy far-off things or battles long ago." Still a dream may make a nation or may save a nation. Joseph's envious brethren, when they saw him afar off, said, "Behold, the dreamer cometh," but that same dreamer was afterwards appointed over the whole land of Egypt and Pharaoh put a robe of silk upon him and a chain of gold about his neck. Ireland may well dream of her Celtic past when it treasures such tales as Ailill and Etain chosen, as Mr. O'Connor says, for its spiritual value. He believes the Fairy Midir is but a messenger from a power higher than man, saving human nature from a fall. There is also an old Irish love tale, the story of one of Erin's kings, who, tired of battle and the red hand of war, longs for:

"The love that is a buckler 'gainst the world
For two united hearts. . . ."

There are more modern melodies in the volume, too, even so modern a one as "In Madison Square." All the lyrics have a freshness about them that tells of the Green Isle of Song.

It has been said of the Gael that his words "are always merry, but his songs are always sad." In "Irish Lyrics and Ballads" there is an undercurrent of sadness, not the sadness of despair, for the Gael ever had his eye on the God of hope, but that mystic melancholy that falls on the lonely traveler in the hills of Ireland. It is the "still sad music of humanity"—Irish humanity, if we may so speak—looking on the glens and mountains that have a heart-message. Father Dollard has put the Irish heart and the Irish lyrical cry into his poems. You hear the "crooning of Irish breezes, the murmur of Irish streams." The heart of Ireland is in these poems, and when the heart of Ireland sings you have exquisite music. The longing love for the Irish hills and the Irish firesides is also mingled here with the

" . . . haunting, wailful music that the Fairy Harpers play."

The great heart-call, the sweet simplicity and the inspiring music of Father Dollard's poems should make them a lasting contribution to Ireland's lyrical literature.

J. S. H.

The Straight Religion. By FATHER BENEDICT, O.S.S.S. With a Foreword by REV. FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50.

"I have called this book 'The Straight Religion,' the author explains in his introduction, "because it is *the straight religion*; it gives a straight answer to all the straight questions that men and women are asking today, and whether you like that answer or not, you are not left in any doubt as to what that answer is." Beginning with the proofs of God's existence the author takes his readers through thirty-six chapters that explain the Church's doctrine with more dogmatic precision and theological detail than is usual in apologetical works meant for the general reader. But the book is probably designed to supply the need of educated Protestants and unbelievers whose souls have been deeply stirred by the present war, and who have been moved to turn to the Ancient Church for her answers to the vital questions that now clamor for a satisfactory answer. If the (Protestant) Bishop of Oxford had to confess that what "looms largest and most magnificent on our horizon here in England" is "The Roman Catholic Communion," doubtless many of his coreligionists have been struck by the same phenomenon and will eagerly read the "straight" solution Father Benedict offers for their problems.

W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

March's six best-sellers, reports the *Bookman*, were "The Tree of Heaven," Sinclair; "The U. P. Trail," Grey; "The Major," Connor; "Oh, Money! Money!" Porter; "Bag of Saffron," Von Hutton, and "Christine," Cholmondeley. "Oh, Money! Money!" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.50) is an attractive story on the philosophy of happiness, the backbone of which according to Mrs. Porter, is character, not wealth. Stanley Fulton, the book's hero, is an austere bachelor with a fortune of many millions. How his prospective heirs are each tested with a gift of \$100,000, how the money brings joy to some and woe to others, and how in the end Fulton's difficulties are solved by an amiable New England Cinderella, who wins his heart, his hand and incidentally his wealth is all told well by this cheerful author. "The Bag of Saffron" is a story about a selfish woman who leaves her husband and elopes with another man. The literary artistry of the novel is as defective as the ethics. The other four books mentioned have already been noticed in AMERICA.

"My 75" (Doran, \$1.35), by Paul Lintier, is the story of the deeds of a French battery from the beginning of the war to the unexpected triumph of the Aisne. The author paints with vivid touch the fears that tortured the hearts of his comrades during the black August of 1914, but fails to bring into bold relief the spirit which has been inspiring the soldiers of France during the past four years; the spirit of heroic self-sacrifice.—In "Front Lines" (Dutton, \$1.50), Boyd Cable draws twenty-one interesting pen-pictures of the fighter's work and play. Some are humorous, all are human.—"Holding the Line" (McClurg, \$1.50), by Sergeant Harold Baldwin of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, is the vivid story of the experiences of a soldier in the first Canadian contingent that left for the war. The credit given the German foe for personal bravery is an indication of the good sportmanship of the author.—"The Winning of the War" (Harper, \$2.00), by Professor Roland G. Usher, is a thoughtful warning against over-confidence. He sees the greatest strength of the Allies in their moral superiority, in their union and their control of the seas, of copper, wool, rubber and cotton; but points out that Germany dominates the Ukraine, the Balkans, Turkey and Austria-Hungary; that starvation or rebellion in Germany is most improbable, and stresses the grave danger in the destruction of the Allies' shipping, man-power, and in the resources of Belgium and Northern France.

The anonymous "Record of Nicholas Freydon, an Autobiography" (Doran, \$1.50), is the story of an English journalist's career. When a boy he went with his father to live in Australia. Left an orphan there, he was placed in a Catholic asylum, where he was kept hard at work until the night he ran away to make his own fortune. The portraits the author gives of the Sisters in charge of the orphanage are far from flattering. They are hard business women and merciless disciplinarians rather than religious. The account of Freydon's climb from grim poverty to a place of eminence as a writer in England, his marriage to a drunkard and his subsequent return to Australia is so vivid and circumstantial that the reviewers have been guessing at the name of the "autobiographer."—"Sunshine Beggars" (Little, Brown, \$1.50), by Sidney McCall, are the Bertolloti, a poor Italian family whose artistic temperament and cheerful companionship are an inspiration and a joy, especially to Phil Merrill, a little rich boy who craves love and sympathy. It is an entertaining "glad book" that strains the probabilities somewhat.—"The Man from Nowhere" (Benziger, \$1.00) is another of Anna T. Sadlier's delightful Catholic juveniles. The mystery surrounding the "Man" and its unraveling, the highly imaginative settings, and the real boy characters, will appeal to the younger folk.

EDUCATION

"Trashiness of Fiber"

SOMETIMES one hears this criticism of a teacher: "He works his pupils too hard." To overwork a pupil is, without exception, the most short-sighted thing a teacher can do. It is an injustice to the teacher as well as to the pupil. Show me an overworked schoolboy, and I will show you an overwrought, nervous, tired-out and used-up teacher. This rule holds almost invariably. But there is a vast difference between overworking a pupil and simply keeping him busy. Some youngsters must be kept extremely busy, else they are in danger; and so is the teacher!

THE END OF EDUCATION

AFTER all, what is education, if it be not plain downright character-building? And is there anything we can find making more for the development of strong character than training the young in the art of work, the joys of work? For the young can be taught to find joy in work. The eminent English Jesuit, Father Martindale, discussing the youthful schooling of St. Francis Xavier, remarks, "Education, we keep hearing nowadays, must keep the children happy. In practice this means that they must be kept amused. . . . Drudgery and grind are to disappear; children are spontaneously to rush to the schoolroom, itself a palatial haunt of higher art. . . . The very grammars are entertaining."

Now, goodness knows, this sorry old war-ridden world needs all the decent entertainment it can get: there is none too much. But "a time for all things!" Undeniably, one of the tendencies of modern education is over the line of legitimate entertainment. It is well and good, if not overdone; and is in a degree quite necessary too, this striving of the teacher to catch and hold the interest of the young by every possible reasonable means. Well and good as far as it goes, if it goes not too far, if it leads not too far away from the basic ideal of true education. Many educators, however, in their advocacy of the inductive method of training children, lose sight of the ultimate end, forget that the pleasures of the classroom are a means and not an end. An axiom of the efficient school is that all the "play" of the classroom, I am not speaking of recreation, must be purely inductive to work. When play oversteps or falls short of that end, it is harmful.

OVEREMPHASIZED AMUSEMENT

TEACHERS can inculcate in their charges a love for work for the work's sake, itself, as well as for the reward it may bring in merits, promotions, privileges, and so forth. But this can never be achieved by permitting the amusing side of school work to become overemphasized. "I maintain most stoutly," said Father Martindale again, "that the sum total of good character is not by one degree the greater for all this [amusing of pupils] than in the days when education was an austere affair. Education once could be," he goes on, "and often was, sober to the verge, and over the verge, of sternness, and though violent reactions most likely followed often enough upon the heels of emancipation, yet it may well be thought that a certain high essential value, a sound and penetrative quality, was infused into the child, which survived the period of lawlessness and revolt, and saved him throughout from the effects of that 'trashiness of fiber' we so often diagnose in the pleasantly nurtured child of today."

A NATIONAL WEAKNESS

TRASHINESS OF FIBER is the national weakness of America. We have been called in times past the nation of pie eaters. It is indeed as if we had fed ourselves on mental as well as material pastry the past few generations. More men were rejected at our army officers' training camps last summer

because of "trashiness of fiber" than for any other fault in the catalogue. It was not physical flaws that disqualified hundreds of our young men so much as a lack of mental stamina, "an inability," as one army official expressed it to me, "to tackle any job and stick to it till it was finished."

A great deal is being said and written about the astounding revelation the army draft has made concerning the physical fitness, or unfitness, of young America. The draft has indeed played like a searchlight on the body of the youth of our country, revealing him from head to foot for what he is. Much of the blame for his deficiencies is traced to our schools, our muddled educational system. But what of his shortcomings, his trashiness of fiber, his lack of ability to stick to a job, as our army officer put it? Where does the blame for that lie if not, very largely at any rate, with our schools? Too often things are made too easy for our boys and girls; they are not trained by their teachers to work. Then, when they face the real work of life, neither the muscle nor the mind is there to tackle the job and carry it through. It is not the child's fault.

THE TEACHER'S POWER

IT is in the teacher's power to fire his pupils with enthusiasm for what they are set to do. Of course, there are such things as lazy youngsters. But also, it sometimes happens that pupils are lazy because their teacher is lazy. Too many teachers follow the line of least resistance in handling their difficult charges; and though on the face of it these children may pull through, in reality they are only weakened in character and unfitted for the tasks of life before them. Their fiber is reduced to trashiness. What they need is to be taught to work, how to work and how to enjoy their work; how to overcome obstacles and master difficulties, so that the "sound and penetrative quality" of which Father Martindale has spoken, and which makes for strength and endurance and character, may be infused into them and make men of them.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

SOCIOLOGY

Faith and Industrial Peace

IT will hardly be questioned that the removal of the more distressing economic disabilities of the proletariat will tend to allay industrial unrest by eliminating its most poignant and irritating causes. Sufficiency, security and economic freedom are milestones on the highway to industrial peace. But it would be vain indeed to indulge the hope that the road may be charted throughout its entire length and made safe for the march of democracy by any political or economic machinery that can be devised. Factory inspection will not make unemployables efficient nor will shorter hours render the idle industrious.

It is not the part of wisdom to overlook the obvious fact that there is vast restlessness and unhappiness among those who are economically well-provided for; nor to be blind to the further fact that should all economic expedients become fully and ideally operative there will still remain no negligible residuum of misfortune and inequality which will serve on occasion to fan into a flame the inextinguishable embers of human envy and avarice. Indeed there can be found no principle more subversive of lasting peace than that which would lead man to seek his happiness in material well-being. If industrial peace is to be made durable there will be required a faith, a philosophy of life which will provide a secure basis for justice and social obligation; which will make democracy safe for the world, and will provide a motive for individual virtue. The philosophy of life of which we speak is Christian faith which bids man recognize his own spiritual nature, his free-will, his eternal destiny, his duties to God which form the only substantial basis of his social rights and duties, and which finds the ideal of human life realized in Jesus Christ.

CONTEMPT FOR TOIL

NO small part of social unrest is due to the widespread contempt for ordinary work fostered by false educational ideals. Education is sought as a means of escaping labor, and social caste is built on the avoidance of physical toil. The greater part of labor must always involve wearisome monotony which will provoke chafing unrest until a philosophy of life and labor is adopted which gives a dignity to work. When Christianity was first introduced the same secular ideals that are prevalent today proclaimed the servility of toil. Christ's example and doctrine transfused the most menial occupations with Divine purpose. Under the influence of that teaching the most ordinary actions became meritorious of eternal life and the Christian toiler was reconciled with, nay, found joy and the fulfilment of duty in the contented performance of necessary physical tasks. "To work is to pray," was the spirit of the religious discipline which drained the marshes of Europe and made the deserts bloom with beauty.

STEWARDSHIP OF WEALTH

ANOTHER cause of industrial unrest is the irresponsible use of wealth by its possessors. The envy of the less fortunate is aroused by the prodigal and senseless extravagance of the rich, just as the hatred of the weak is inflamed by the unjust dealings of the powerful. Until the possessor shall learn that he has not absolute right to the disposal of his wealth there can be no industrial peace. He must learn that he is merely a steward, holding his possessions and power in trust from God and that after his own reasonable needs and the needs of his family are satisfied he is bound in charity to use his possession for the well-being of his neighbor. He cannot do what he pleases with his own, but must do what God pleases. Until the majority of possessors come to the Christian view of the stewardship of wealth, all programs for industrial peace must retain the character of unreal speculation. The theory of the unlimited ownership of wealth so dear to the human heart, is a perennial source of feud and contention.

BUILDING ON AIR

MODERN sociology is largely an attempt to find a substitute for Christian faith as a basis of social obligation. The attempt has been more than a failure; it has been a world calamity. It has removed the old sanctions of social order, and unable to maintain so weighty a fabric on an airy nothing, has precipitated the structure into utter dissolution from which it can be retrieved only by the slow process of reconstructing society on its old foundation. The appeal of modern sociology is to the solidarity of the race. "We owe everything to those who have gone before us," so runs the argument, "therefore let us act justly and virtuously for the sake of those who come after us." What could be more unconvincing to the man tempted by avarice, envy, or lust of power? What more fatuous? Why should I pay to future generations a debt which I owe to my ancestors? There is no valid foundation or sanction for social justice except that provided by Christian faith. God is our Father; both we and our neighbor are equally His children. Thus our duty to God involves respect for the rights of our neighbor. There is no other sufficient basis for social obligation than this, and those who hope to establish a social order on other foundation are building on shifting sands.

MAKING DEMOCRACY SAFE

AUTOCRATIC control of industry like political autocracy has always been a source of irritation and the tendency has been to find the road to peace in both spheres in progressive democratization. But if democracy is to mean simply the rule of the majority and not the rule of justice, the hopes reposed in democracy will never be realized. Democracy, political and industrial, makes larger demands, intellectual and moral, upon the individual than any other form of organization. It is true that the majority is more likely to be just in the long run than

is the individual despot. But the majority, if guided only by self-interest and expedience, may be as tyrannical as any czar and may create unrest as distressing as that provoked by any industrial despot.

A democracy demands not only a wider diffusion of education, if it is to be a stable and just social order, but it requires also, a higher individual sense of justice. Only in the conscience of the individual can democracy find a safe-guard. Law will not protect it, for in a democracy, law is only the expression of the will of the majority. The diffusion of secular knowledge will be of little avail for secular education does not touch the will. Nor can there be an appeal to force, for democracy would then cease to be. Only in the development of conscience will the safeguard be found. Only by adopting the philosophy of life born of Christian faith will democracy be made safe for the world. No other voice but that of the Divine Master can effectively address the tumultuous waves of industrial unrest, "Peace be still." Democracy carries in its breast the solution of industrial problems, but it must be Christian democracy. The final formula will be the phrase approvingly quoted by Pius X.: *La démocratie sera catholique.*

EDWIN V. O'HARA, LL.D.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Jesuit Instructor at Japanese Imperial University

A LETTER from the Catholic University Institute, Tokyo, Japan, notifies us of the recent appointment of the Rev. Mark J. McNeal, S.J., a graduate of Georgetown University, Washington, as Lecturer in English Literature in the Imperial University of Tokyo. He is the first American so honored by the Japanese, and his selection is therefore welcomed with special gratification by the American Association. The students are the "pick" of all Japan. Father McNeal is thus offered an excellent opportunity of constant association with the professors of the University and of close familiarity with its students. He will doubtless be able, incidentally, to remove many false notions regarding Christianity at the very center of the intellectual life of Japan. His genial character, no less than his literary accomplishments, will win for him many friends among the faculty and the pupils.

A Chicago Professor of Sociology

PROF. WILLIAM ISAAC THOMAS, formerly of Oberlin and lately of Chicago University, recently obtained a short-lived and infamous notoriety by setting at defiance the Sixth and Ninth Commandments and proclaiming his emancipation from the law of God. Among his sayings, as quoted in the *Cleveland Leader*, April 13, are such as the following:

Women are better off for having their fling as men do. Dissipated women often make excellent wives. . . . The morality of women is an expediency rather than an innate virtue. . . . Matrimony is often an arrangement by which the woman trades irreproachable conduct for irreproachable gowns. . . . Any girl, mentally mature, has the right to have children and the right to limit their number.

These and other similar observations of a prurient and diseased mind have no interest for us, except in so far as they once more bring home to Catholics the danger of sending their children to non-Catholic universities. Prof. Thomas had written his sex literature and promulgated his degenerate views while still a faculty member of the University of Chicago, holding his position at the very time he committed the overt act that brought him into public disgrace or obtained for him the coveted notoriety, accordingly as we view the situation. But what of the parents who had fondly entrusted their sons and daughters to his training? The lesson we presume will make slight impression upon spineless and "prominent" Catholics determined, in

spite of all the exhortations of the Church, to give their children a godless education in order to advance them in their "social climbing."

Marquette Medical Summer School

THE Marquette Medical School, Milwaukee, announces a three months' term for laboratory technicians, to begin Monday, June 10. The courses are: (1) Pathology, including the work involved in the various examinations of clinical pathology, diseased tissue and bacteriology; (2) Dietetics, a study of the chemistry involved, work in the chemical laboratory and in the dietetic kitchen, and the preparation of diets for the patient; (3) X-rays, a study of the principles, learning the X-ray apparatus, the technique of diagnosis and treatment, and practice in the application of this work; (4) Hospital records, which includes the taking of histories, the making and filing of records; (5) Lectures on special subjects. The courses are open to trained nurses, graduates of colleges, normal and high schools and to others who are qualified. Applications must be made immediately. The course is of the highest importance at the present time in view of the war exigencies and the need of hospital and private service.

A Plea for Belgian Soldiers

A PLEA is sent to us for the Belgian soldier boys who have now been in the trenches for almost four years. They are without news from parents or relatives and in constant anxiety as to the latter's safety. Unlike our American soldiers, or the British and French, they can receive no comforts from home, nor can they make extensive purchases with their meager pay, said to be equivalent to about five cents a day. A gift from a friend in America to these men, who are mainly Catholics, will bring a new ray of joy into their lives. Addresses of Belgian soldiers can be obtained from the Belgian News Fund, 21 Russell Square, London, W.C. Here are a few addresses of Catholic soldiers: Arthur Van Driessche, M. d. Logis, Z. 302, E. M. III Gr.; Achiel De Coster, Z. 55, Ier Escadron, 4e Peleton; Gaston De Coster, Z. 205, 11e Compagnie; Gérard Nollet, Z. 205, 11e Compagnie. To each of the addresses must be added the general destination: Belgian Army in the Field, Flanders Front. These men correspond in Flemish and French and understand a little English. There is no difficulty in having names of Catholic soldiers supplied since almost all are Catholics.

The Logic of Faith

THE following striking words of the great Bishop Ullathorne, which serve as the closing argument of a mission calendar prepared by the Fathers of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill., may well be read by us with an eye single to our own United States, although they were written by an English prelate and originally intended for English readers:

I believe our own future will be blessed with increase in proportion as we, with earnest faith, send help to them who cry to us—as we have cried to others and received their help. I believe it, because it is the disposition of our heavenly Father greatly to help those who do such works of faith and charity. I believe it, because their is *no charity greater or more blessed* than that which co-operates with God in sending His servants forth to spread His light and minister His grace to the nations afar off, who sit in darkness and alienation of soul from their supreme God. I believe it, because the mission to the heathen is the school of generous heroes, whose works of faith and sanctity will bless the country that supports them. I believe it on the word of our Blessed Lord: "Give and it shall be given unto you again, full measure, and heaped up and overflowing into your bosom." All facts show the operation of this heavenly law of charity.

The logic of this unassailable argument was convincingly applied by Cardinal Manning, when he proved that the crying

need of means at home was the very reason for giving the most liberal donations to the missions abroad:

It is quite true, we have need of means at home, and it is because we have need of means at home, and of more means by a great deal than we as yet possess, that I am convinced that we ought to send means abroad. It is because I believe that in enriching others we shall not impoverish ourselves, that I, therefore, believe it to be our duty, and I believe it to be strictly in accordance with the letter and spirit of our Master's example, of whom it is said: "Who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich." I am entirely convinced that if we desire to find the surest way to multiply immensely our own material means for our work at home, it is by not limiting the expansion of charity and by not paralyzing the zeal of self-denial. Holy Scripture teaches us that there are those who give and are yet enriched, and there are those who withhold from giving and are always in want.

There could be no better time than the present for Americans to put into practice this logic of their Faith.

A Protestant Recognition of Catholic Service

MANY ancient prejudices were broken down during the Knights of Columbus drive. Among the notable speeches delivered by Protestants, attention deserves to be called in particular to the words of John C. Ten Eyck, one of the most prominent attorneys of Yonkers. He thus expressed his profound appreciation of the Catholic Church and of the work performed by her:

I have not been asked to help in this campaign by the Roman Catholic Church. I would have been proud had I been asked. The man does not live whose eloquence can express even a tithe of the service of the Church to the world and the civilization we enjoy. But even I can express my consciousness of some obligation to that Church which was the only Church of God when no other Church was in existence. It was that Church which preserved the Gospel during the early days of the Christian era. It was that Church which struggled for, maintained, defended and promulgated the principles of sound morals and human culture. It was that Church which preserved the wisdom of the ancients, which otherwise would have been lost, which preserved the great manuscripts in the safe places of the monasteries and ecclesiastical temples of Europe.

Describing then the eagerness with which the Catholic Church in America has sent forth her sons to interpose their breasts between their country's safety and the threatening peril across the sea, he thus gave the reason why Protestants contributed to the war fund of the Knights of Columbus, aside from the fact that all alike are cordially welcomed in every K. of C. building at home or abroad:

There can be no conscience so accusing as the conscience of a non-Catholic who has permitted a Catholic boy to die without the last rites of his own Faith. We Protestants are not so blind as not to know that Catholics love their Faith above all other possessions; therefore we Protestants must give those Catholic boys in their hour of trial what they ask. No honest American can question that this is the only way to help those boys, and it is our duty to provide all they need. If the sacrifice is great we still must make it, for nothing that we can do, whatever our beliefs may be concerning their beliefs, bears comparison to the sacrifices that they are making for us.

It is no business of mine to challenge the most sacred convictions of those boys as they lie with broken bodies and anguished souls in pools of their own blood, shed for me and mine, but it is my business to see to it that all their demand is given to them. We Protestants are not blind enough not to know that the Catholic soldier whose conscience is at peace with God is a dauntless soldier, whose faith in the life after life is greater than his fear of death.

Though there still remain hearts dark and sinister enough to harbor envy and hatred against the great Church to whom we owe all that is noblest in our Christian civilization, yet we cannot fail to realize that there exists likewise a sincere and deep appreciation of the glorious work she has accomplished in the past and is performing today in the service of mankind.